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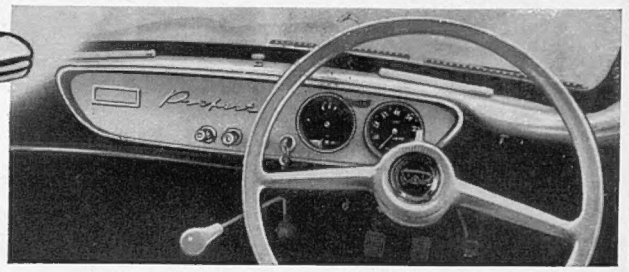

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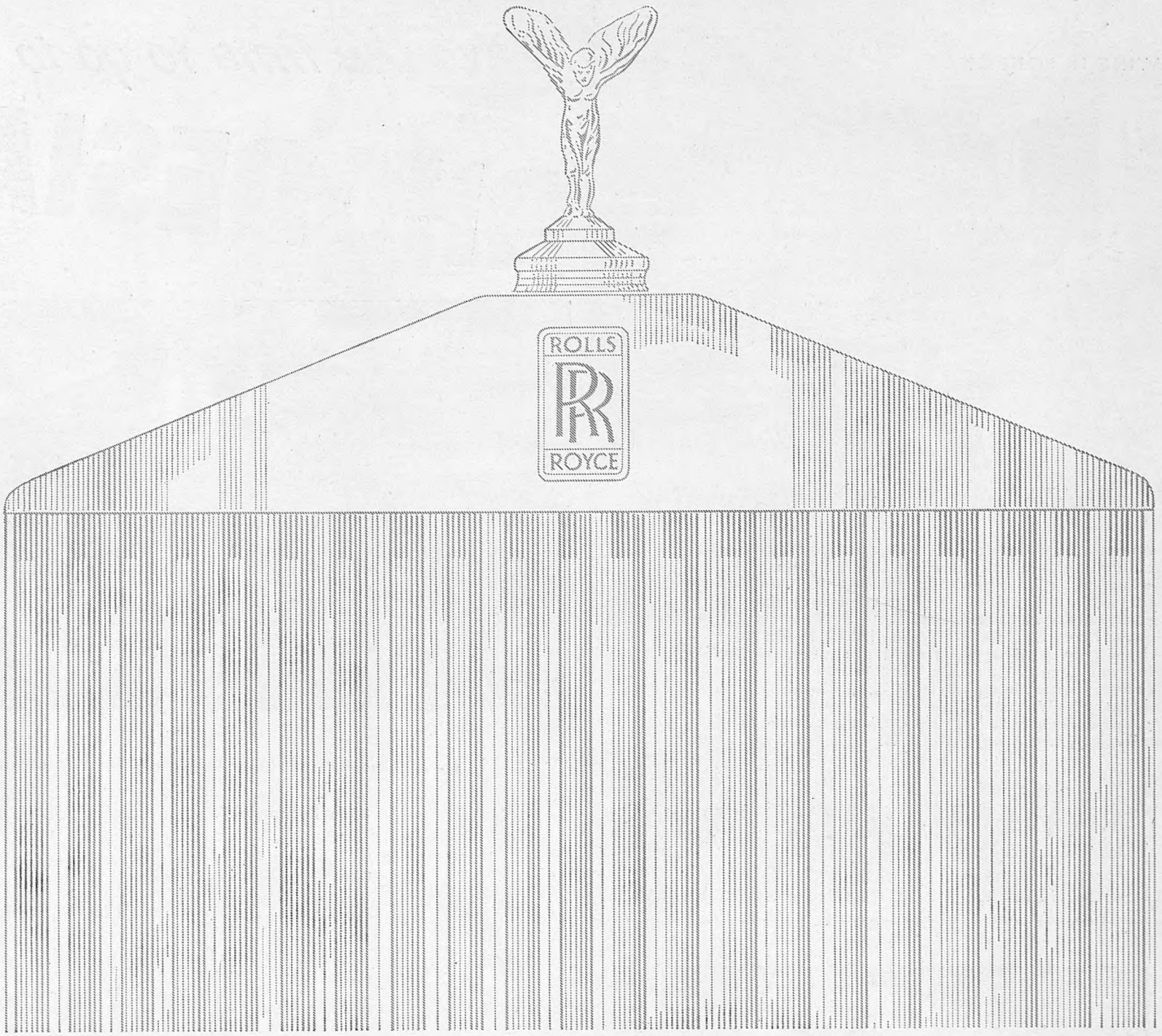

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Volume CCXXIV No. 2920 The SPHERE, London, January 28, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN LEAVES FOR NIGERIA—A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE HEAD OF THE COMMONWEALTH, SPECIALLY TAKEN BEFORE HER DEPARTURE TO WEST AFRICA : In this photograph by Cecil Beaton the Queen is shown seated in the Chair of State in the ballroom at Buckingham Palace which was built as a throne for King Edward VII. With her embroidered satin dress the Queen wears miniatures depicting King George V and her father, King George VI, and a diamond and pearl tiara.

On January 27 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was due to fly to Nigeria for a three-week tour of the young Federation. This is the first visit to West Africa by a reigning monarch, and is in some way a tribute to the political and economic progress made in Nigeria since the war. The flight to Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, was to be made in an Argonaut aircraft of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, stopping briefly at Tripoli during the all-night flight. On their first Sunday in Nigeria the Queen and the Duke are to attend Myohaung Day Service in Lagos Cathedral. This service is held annually to commemorate the battle in Burma in 1945, in which both the divisions from West Africa fought, and it is fitting that the Queen should be able to participate in what is essentially a Commonwealth occasion. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will cover many thousands of miles by aircraft and train in visiting the Northern, Eastern and Western regions of Nigeria, before returning to Lagos on February 15 for the flight back to London. (Further new portraits of the Queen will be found on page 143.)

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A CALL ON THE FOREIGN SECRETARY

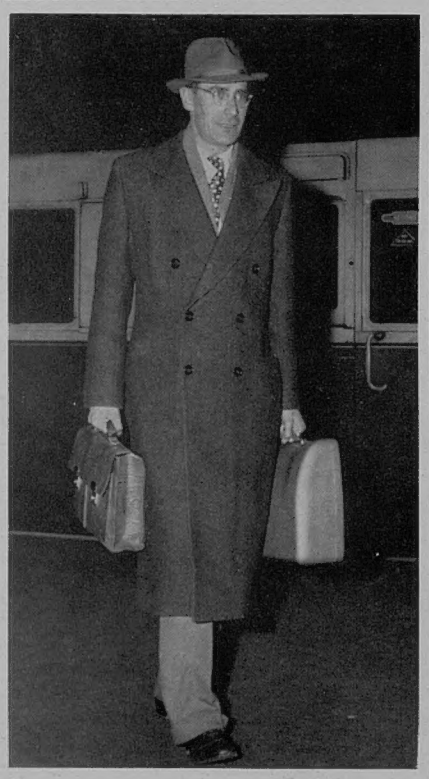
MR. DAG HAMMARSKJOLD ON A FLYING VISIT TO LONDON: The General Secretary of the United Nations is greeted on his arrival at Carlton House Gardens by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. A luncheon appointment with Mr. Lloyd was among the few engagements which Mr. Hammarskjold undertook when he passed through London on his world tour of countries belonging to the United Nations Organisation.

UNITED NATIONS PRESIDENT IN BRITAIN

DR. MAZA AND HIS WIFE ARRIVE ON THEIR TWO-DAY VISIT: Dr. Jose Maza, of Chile, is accompanied by his wife on his arrival at London Airport. Dr. Maza, who was elected President of the United Nations General Assembly last year, had come to Britain as the guest of the Government.

TO STUDY BRITISH ARMY TACTICS

On right—



A WEST GERMAN OFFICER GOES TO THE STAFF COLLEGE: Lieut.-Colonel Karl Hinrichs arrives in Victoria from Germany on his way to Camberley, where he is to attend the course at the Staff College. Colonel Hinrichs is the first West German officer to be selected to attend the course, to which representatives of all N.A.T.O. armies are invited. He has commented that the last occasion on which he set out for Britain—with Hitler's invasion army in 1940—he finally never got there.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Bummaree.—Judge Block of the City of London Court delivered a reserved judgment upholding the by-law which absolves retail butchers from compulsion to employ meat porters at Smithfield to take away their purchased meat. These porters or bummarees are rich men as money goes, and perhaps their high wages help to step up the cost of meat to the housewife. But, whether or no, where is that judgment now? The morning after it was delivered, a union representative of the T. and G.W. Union epigrammatically described the flouting of the law and the upholding of an unlawful monopoly and a stranglehold on the individual retailer.

The judge said he could, the butcher said he would, *we* said he couldn't . . . and he didn't.

We want a word—an ugly word—for the present ugly age of indiscipline, and *The Bummaree Age* fits the bill. It 's " Bummaree " wherever you look. Law, order and the pledged word have ceased to carry force. Might is right and only the might of the law and of authority and of the decent majority of human beings can now reverse the rule. In industry for years past we have watched the dreadful rule of force succeeding and gaining acceptance. In times when production is vital to our existence and full employment a national slogan, a body of workers can flout the law and the pledged word and get away with it unpenalised. Even a single offender is safe from penalty since his just punishment can bring out on strike 100,000 of his fellows. When a union subscribes to the new rule of Might is Right, it is small wonder if its authority, when rightly exercised, is often disregarded by its own members. There is no period to be put to the Bummaree Age until the leaders of the nations and the leaders of this nation unite with the majorities of law-abiding people to make a stand for law and order whatever the temporary financial loss. Until that stand is made, our civilisation continues its drift to the crater's edge.

Middle East War Menace.—Few people, however little they know of inside information, now doubt that the Middle East is to-day's No. 1 powder magazine, and a very dangerous one. In England we have not many battalions to dispose in our strategic reserve and one by one they are moving to Cyprus, not solely to restore order in Cyprus but because Cyprus is about the last remaining place where we can group a striking force capable of deterring aggression or taking action if necessary wherever it may be needed in a last resort. And now the Premier is off to America to consult with the President, *inter alia* as to the means to bring about peace with honour in the Middle East. Many English Premiers have left these shores in search of peace with honour and some have returned with (and been rewarded for) long or short-term successes. I doubt if any Premier ever set out on that mission with so many obstacles to overcome. It looks pretty hopeless. Cyprus is a small matter on the agenda. Its importance to-day lies more in its being held fast than pacified quickly. Pacification will come, but it must not come by abandonment. It is *our* key to the Middle East problem. The Israeli–Arabian problem is the lighted match in the magazine, and with winds blowing from every direction it stands a better chance of staying alight than of being blown out. The great Powers and the larger Arab states between them blow from every point in the compass. For some the priority is the defeat of Communism; for others the extinction of Israel is the crusade's slogan. The Western Powers hitherto have endeavoured to hold a balance, to give an air of aloofness and impartiality, as shown in the United Nations censure of Israel's act of reprisal, singled out from a dozen incidents on either side. And the Western Powers have not acted in unison or consulted each other as closely as they should. As for Russia, her attitude and actions have in the last months been blatantly partial. She is doing all she can to blow up the magazine. In all this Babel, Britain's stock has fallen low—and lower among the Arab countries where once it stood so high—and our efforts at conciliation and defence-grouping have called in question our genius for diplomacy.

Between Two Stools.—The chance of securing peace in the Middle East in the next decade seems remote indeed. The question is whether the efforts of Eden and Eisenhower can avert war in the next vital months ahead. It cannot be done wi vague pronouncements and exhortations to restrai The only pronouncement which might avert war is o which must commit each of the three signatory Powe of the 1950 Declaration to the gravest liabilities a decisions in certain events—namely, a guarantee th they will intervene by force of arms against a aggressor, Arab or Israeli, which threatens war in t Middle East. France is hardly in a position to give firm guarantee. America, with a Presidential electi this year, even now has not marched in very exa step with Britain. And we ourselves have not t authority or the resources we once could exercise that vital area. To an ignoramus like myself it loo as if our own recent efforts at diplomacy have fall between two stools. We have not seen the proble singly. We have tried to do two things at once—complete our ring defence against Communism and solve the Israeli–Arab problem *en bloc*. At this sta at any rate they appear to be separate problems

What's a Year of Life Worth?—Miscarriages of justice are believed to be very rare Britain. The discovery of one is all the more a mat for the closest investigation. There is, moreover, ve strong reason that when they occur, they should generously compensated, in so far as money can co pensate for what prison takes away. The wretch Oscar Slater spent the best years of his life in pris for the alleged murder of Miss Gilchrist. He was shabby fellow, I dare say, but, however shabby, was at last proved to be as much entitled to acquit on *that* charge as an archangel. And what happene He was ungraciously released with a few thousan in compensation and nothing whatever was done condemn the corruption of the Glasgow police a their witnesses or to compensate the victims who h

THE ROYAL VISIT TO KING'S LYNN SCHOOL

THE QUEEN AND THE BEST SCHOLAR: Her Majesty during her visit to the King Edward V School, King's Lynn, listens to an explanation of an experiment in the physi laboratory given by eighteen-year-old Colin Smith, the best scholar in the schoo The Queen had presented him with the gold medal which she gives annually fo the best record of scholarship. Usually the winner of the award receives it Sandringham, but this year, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the opening the school by her great-grandfather, Her Majesty made a visit herself. She al unveiled a commemorative plaque in a new building.

spoken the truth in an effort to save the man and bec broken because they did. And now it has assesse the compensation for loss of two years of life at £20 a year, for one of three men unjustly convicted tw years ago. It strikes me as mean in the extreme British courts of justice pride themselves on not being courts of morals. Every defendant is innocent unt proved guilty, and just as innocent, too, though h may look (and be widely known as) an unmitigate blackguard. The only relevant matter is whether o no he did the crime covered by the indictment It didn't work out that way with Slater at his tri or at his final release, and it does not look as the Government endorsed the Judicature's boast whe assessing compensation for these three victims o judicial error. I think even to-day the year of li is worth more than £4 a week to any man, young old, virtuous or not so virtuous. One of the three me at least was not serving concurrent sentences involv ing other crimes. There are men (who are neithe saints nor Solons) who consider themselves underpai at £12 a week, and indeed at £100 a week.

V.C. Parade.—The parade of Victoria Cros holders in Hyde Park in summer is appropriate as centenary ceremony and will, I am sure, be a popular touching and moving ceremony. The last (and first parade did not possess that centenary aptness. was moving enough, and might have been more s with better organisation. Since that day, times have changed. Showmanship is very much the fashion now and probably a minority of holders will no longe

express (as they certainly did on the former occasion) their doubts about the parade. The V.C.s I know are modest men; they seldom, if ever, refer to their prize or the cause of it, and those who have ever mentioned the subject to me usually remark on their "luck" and refer to the scores of better fellows who drew no prize in the lucky dip. As you would expect them to do! But a centenary is a centenary and the V.C. deserves the noblest centenary tribute, and all who walk in the procession must feel pride in belonging to an order so illustrious and of such integrity. It is otherwise perhaps when Garter Knights march to St. George's. For in that noble order, merit is only a modern condition, and some of the Knights, old or new, look as if they felt uncomfortable and even unhappy in the robes, which do not suit the style of beauty of all of them. No such doubts can or should assail the V.C.s who march in June in Hyde Park, before their Sovereign. But some of the elder holders may feel too old or unfit to answer *Adsum* on parade, even if they no longer feel doubts about its propriety as a public show.

Janet Marshall.—To stand in heavy rain in a muddy lane to watch a self-confessed murderer showing how he strangled a girl may not be everybody's cup of tea, but in Britain, as in France, would be a stimulating refreshment to an enormous proportion of the two nations. And 300 lucky sightseers watched the seventeenth suspect of Miss Marshall's murder "re-enact the tragedy." In France as in England, in the Surété as in the C.I.D., the arm of the law is long and memory elephantine. It is a great tribute to the persistance and tenacity of the French police (who have been criticised sometimes for failure to discover the murderers of British subjects in France) that they have never dropped the scent and at the seventeenth hole have perhaps reached dormy. Of course, it doesn't follow that a suspect who admits a crime suffers the fit penalty. Even under British methods of interrogation and trial, there is many a slip between a voluntary statement admitting guilt and a verdict and sentence put into force. The Drummond case confirms that, and scores of cases from America and several from this country. Defendants sometimes challenge or go back on their confessions, and pleas of guilty are occasionally withdrawn, or pleas of insanity are successfully put forward. But while the Janet Marshall case is *sub judice* still, it is allowable to congratulate the Surété on their tenacity.

TO OUR READERS

Owing to printing difficulties over which we have no control, it is probable that this, and subsequent issues of THE SPHERE *may reach readers later than usual. We would, therefore, ask readers to be forbearing in this matter. As soon as conditions within the Printing Industry permit, normal publication dates will be resumed.*

The Editor

Napoleonic Chamber-Pots.—The photograph of the C.I.G.S. handing over to General Sir H. Jackson the silver chamber-pot of Joseph Bonaparte, the loot and possession of the 14/20th Hussars (reproduced in THE SPHERE of Jan. 14), reminded me of another Napoleonic chamber-pot which I have seen adorning a dinner table in Dorset. It belonged to Colonel Everard Digby, a brother-in-law of the statesman, fifth Marquis of Lansdowne, and long ago it used to amuse him to ask his guests to guess the nature of the table centre—which no longer had a handle. He always waited until the ladies had "retired." This latter relic was part of the silver canteen captured by the Germans at Belle Alliance after the rout of the Imperial Guards at Waterloo, when the Germans took over the pursuit from Wellington. From that canteen I inherited (and sometimes use) two of the silver plates bearing the crest of Bonaparte (numbered not consecutively in the 400's). I had always assumed that the travelling carriage and canteen had been captured by the British and that the canteen of silver pieces had been distributed as relics to the Regent and his family and various noble families in England. An expert, however, corrected me and made it clear that the Germans captured the carriage and (maybe) sent some of the loot as "relics" to England. My own share of it came to my grandfather from the Duke of Sussex, who was his uncle by (morganatic) marriage. General Jackson, who lives in Dorset, will probably remember Colonel Digby's chamber-pot at Buckshaw, Sherborne, many, many years ago.

Fit the Crime.—A day may come, when our world is more nearly Utopia, when the penalty for housebreaking and thefts from vehicles more nearly fits the crime, with excellent results in the reduction of crime in those categories. I like to imagine the day when the judge will pronounce a sentence of three years' imprisonment, but will address his remarks not to the prisoner at the bar but to the "victim" in mink in the court, the woman, be she Queen or socialite or profiteeress, who leaves loose on her dressing-table or in an easily-opened jewel case £10,000 worth of jewellery, or leaves in her car a dressing-case stuffed with pearls and diamonds while she attends a cocktail party. These ladies at least should be charged with complicity or incitement to crime, and some of Europe's overworked police forces would get on with their jobs better if some of the victims of crime learned in gaol to live more simply and to encourage criminals less foolishly.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SALMON SEASON OPENS IN PERTHSHIRE

TRADITIONAL CEREMONIES FOR THE OPENING OF THE SALMON ROD FISHING SEASON ON THE RIVER TAY AND LOCH TAY: Pipe Major G. M. Mackenzie and Piper G. Smellett of the Aberfeldy Pipe Band lead a party of anglers down to the lochside at Kenmore for the traditional opening of the season.

On left—

A BOTTLE OF WHISKY FOR THE FIRST BOAT: While the pipers prepare to play the boat into the water Miss Rae, manageress of the Breadalbane Hotel, Kenmore, breaks a bottle of whisky over the bows. In these vessels hardy anglers go out in all weathers and will sit unperturbed by snow or sleet.

Below—

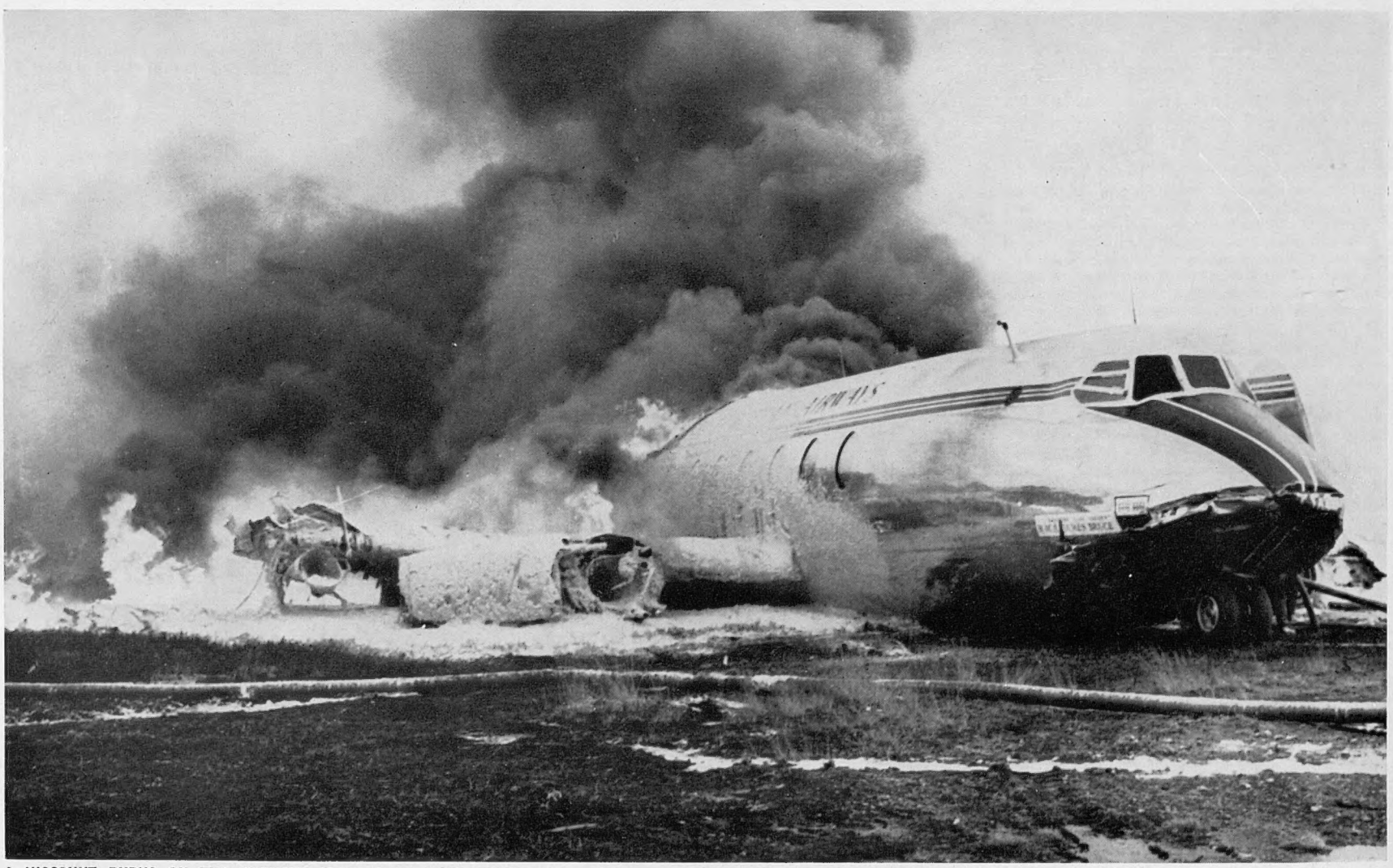
CHEERS AND SMILES FOR THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST BOAT: The bottle of whisky is broken and it is three cheers from the anglers for a successful season. Seven salmon were landed on the first day.

THE TOLL OF A JET AGE

A Meteor of the R.A.F. Devastates a Sussex Village and a B.E.A. Viscount Crashes just after take-off

A METEOR CRASHES IN A SUSSEX VILLAGE: R.A.F. men stand guard over the wreckage following the crash of a Meteor jet fighter in the main street of Wadhurst, near Tunbridge Wells. Four people lost their lives in the accident and the resulting fire caused much damage.

IN THE MORNING LIGHT: Remains of the wreckage can be seen in a side street at Wadhurst the morning after the Meteor had crashed. The jet fighter first hit a bungalow in Townsland Road, just off the High Street. One of its fuel tanks exploded and a wide area was showered with blazing fuel and flying pieces of wreckage. The fuselage hurtled into another bungalow and then hit the back of a grocery store in the High Street itself. A high wind fanned the fire that broke out and it was two hours before firemen brought it under control. It was later stated that the plane was off its course.



A VISCOUNT BURNS ON THE RUNWAY AFTER A TAKE-OFF CRASH: One of B.E.A.'s Viscount fleet crashed recently when taking-off from Blackbushe Airport on a training flight. It was being used to train pilots in emergency take-off procedure with one of its engines deliberately cut out as part of the instruction. When 20 ft. above the runway, the second engine on the same wing failed and the airliner was pancaked by Captain Denis Longhurst. All members of the crew of five escaped.

MURDER IN A NICOSIA STREET: A British officer, Captain Joseph Lane, of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, lies in a pool of blood after being shot dead by two Cyprus terrorists. Captain Lane had just left his Nicosia hotel to go to his headquarters office, having kissed his wife and three-month-old baby goodbye. He had walked barely 200 yards when the two gunmen came up from behind and fired five shots into his back. The two murderers escaped. This brutal act of terrorism occurred the day after the Governor of Cyprus, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, had arrived in London for consultations with the Prime Minister.

MIDDLE EAST VIOLENCE

A British Officer is Murdered in Cyprus and the Mob Riots in Jordan

On left—

THE ANTI-WESTERN RIOTS IN AMMAN : The mob in the shopping centre of a suburb of the Jordan capital disperses as troops of the Arab Legion arrive to prevent looting and further violence at various points in the city. This picture, delayed because of the strict Jordani censorship, is one of the few to have emerged from the Amman riots, which were directed against Jordani participation in the Bagdad Pact with Britain and the other " northern tier " powers. The riots, which are said to have been inspired by Arab League and Communist agents, were suppressed by the Arab Legion, one of whose British officers was killed.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS—A COMMENTARY FROM FRANCE

The First of a Series of Monthly Articles on French Affairs

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

NOT since the early days of the Liberation has the French National Assembly seen so varied and picturesque a collection of new faces. The redoubtable Pierre Poujade, *enfant terrible* of the political scene (himself not visible, for astutely he decided not to be a candidate), is responsible for the unusual public interest shown in the new Parliament.

The fifty-two deputies of the Poujade party introduce a new element in the Assembly. They represent a far wider cross-section of French life than the professional politicians of the other parties, usually lawyers and journalists, with a small sprinkling of business men. Among the Poujadistes are a Paris law student, Jean le Pen, who is only twenty-seven years old; a cycle-repairer, a butcher, a laundryman, a pastry-cook, a market-gardener, several owners of small cafés, a tyre vulcaniser, a clock-maker, an electrician, a seed-salesman, a doctor, a chemist and a number of small shopkeepers. Two of the new deputies, surprisingly enough, are industrialists.

Pierre Poujade himself, from a red-brick villa near Fontainebleau, keeps a watchful eye on his newly-hatched brood of political chickens, all strange to the parliamentary game, and some of them even to Paris. They are trying bravely not to be impressed by the atmosphere of the Palais Bourbon with its dusty Roman statues; its President in tailcoat and white tie; its uniformed guards and the drum-beating which announces the President's entry; its historic semi-circle of wooden benches, and the public galleries from which the elegant social world of Paris looks down curiously at the new revolutionaries below.

M. MENDÈS-FRANCE DOES HIS BEST: His eyes cast down in melancholy contemplation of the political situation, M. Pierre Mendès-France shakes hands.

Poujade himself refers to his followers as revolutionaries and compares them with their "great ancestors" of 1789. This is not very much to the taste of the 150 Communists on the other benches of the Assembly, who consider themselves as the rightful heirs of Danton and Robespierre, and the most violent clashes of the new Parliament may be expected between these rival claimants to the legacy of the Great Revolution.

Since the bitter enmity between the two Radical leaders, Edgar Faure and Pierre Mendès-France, has made any Government with a real majority impossible, the most that can be hoped for is a minority Government which will remain in power long enough to see a new electoral law voted. It is possible that the new Premier will be a man not involved in the quarrel between Faure and Mendès-France, as, for example, Henri Queuille, a moderate Radical known for his integrity and his conciliatory nature.

The former President of the Republic, Vincent Auriol, is also believed to be willing to accept the unenviable job of Premier. M. Auriol recently suggested that, on the basis of the election returns, only a Government chosen from the parties to the Right of the Communists, and to the Left of the Poujadistes and the extreme Right, can command a majority. He may think of repeating Raymond Poincaré's famous political comeback as Premier after his lonely seven years in the Elysée. It is significant that M. Auriol has delayed his acceptance of President Coty's invitation to represent France at the inauguration of the new Brazilian President. The date of the inauguration coincides with that of the last act of the drama in the National Assembly, when the curtain goes up on the final clash between the rival coalitions.

A formidable list of problems faces Parliament. First and grimmest is that of Algeria, where the military situation grows daily more serious and more perplexing. The French divisions withdrawn from N.A.T.O. to quell the insurrectionary movement in the Aurès Mountains have proved inadequate to cover so wide and so rugged a region, and Governor-General Jacques Soustelle has repeatedly had to ask for reinforcements, which are as reluctantly provided. The Algerian problem has been created by a mixture of poverty, overcrowding and unemployment, and has been aggravated by the incessant fanatical radio propaganda, Communist and Muslim, from Budapest and Cairo. In some measure it was inevitable after the defeat and occupation of France during the war. In any case, it was precipitated by the loss of Indo-China as a French colony.

POUJADE'S DEPUTIES ON PARADE: M. Pierre Poujade addresses the fifty-two members pledged to support him who were elected to the National Assembly in the General Election. The occasion was the laying of a wreath at a war memorial in Fontainebleau, near Poujade's party headquarters.

The French insist that Algeria is not a colony but an integral part of France. It contains 1,000,000 Frenchmen of European origin, and a large number of Algerians of non-French origin have been granted French citizenship, with the privilege of entering France at their own free will and obtaining comparatively well-paid jobs in the mines and automobile factories. These Algerian immigrants, most of whom are concentrated on the industrial fringe of Paris, live in horrible conditions of overcrowding (horrible, that is, by French standards, but familiar enough to the Arabs in North Africa), and they add, incidentally, to the Paris crime problem. But with commendable loyalty they remit a part of their wages to their relatives, and many an Arab family in the turbulent zones of Algeria owes its subsistence, bare as it is, to the remittances of a son or husband working on the Renault or Citroën assembly-line.

If Algeria is the gravest problem before the new Assembly, it is not the most urgent. Prices are rising, and the franc is threatened. Germany is beginning to re-arm in earnest and the opponents of ex-Premier René Pleven's scheme for a European Army are now bitterly regretting their obstinacy. A Franco–German agreement over the Saar, which would have compensated a French reconciliation with Western Germany, is now repudiated even by the followers of Herr Hoffmann, who for ten years championed the French cause in the Saar. Moreover, peace in Morocco, restored by the return of the exiled Sultan, is again in danger. In the Riff Mountains, always a trouble-spot, a minor frontier-war is being waged by the French against tribesmen who make sudden raids from the safety of the Spanish Zone.

In Paris, whether Pierre Poujade threatens its tranquillity or not, there is no sign of uneasiness. The city has its own problems, of which the amazing development of the automobile is the most alarming. The new Prefect of Police, M. Genebvrier, having succeeded Prefect André Dubois (the man who transformed the noisiest capital in the world into the world's most silent), has announced his determination to solve the problem of car-parking, which has turned the capital into a monstrous, million-car garage.

Several thousand Paris policemen are now engaged in detecting cars which exceed the parking-time in certain streets in the centre, or which are parked on the wrong side of other streets. But all this is merely trifling with the problem, as the Prefect admits in private. A million new cars are built every year, and a large proportion of them are bought by Parisians. An enormous programme of underground car-park construction, combined with the allocation of large open spaces at the city gates, is inevitable—and far more costly than the Prefect and the City Councillors like to contemplate.

The most phenomenally successful painter in France is not, you will be surprised to learn, Picasso, but a young man in his late twenties named Bernard Buffet. Buffet astonished and impressed the art critics and the public alike four or five years ago by exhibiting in a gallery in the *chic* Faubourg St. Honoré a series of enormous pictures of gaunt, angular and melancholy nudes, drawn in charcoal or painted in black on a grey background. Since then Buffet's style has not changed, although occasionally he has introduced a minimum of colour in his pictures—usually a dull green. His pictures are still enormous, his men and women (always nude) are equally gaunt and half-starved, his subjects are sad and serious—war, concentration camps, the Crucifixion.

Bernard Buffet is a tall, handsome and serious young man who lives alone in a small cottage outside Paris. He began life as an architectural draughtsman, and traces of his early profession are visible in his pictures. His parents, convinced of their son's genius, made considerable sacrifices to enable him to study, first architecture and then painting. During the war and later, when canvas was expensive and difficult to obtain, he painted on linen bed-sheets. To-day, Buffet's parents have the satisfaction of hearing their son acclaimed as the most brilliant of the French artists since the war, and of knowing that during the past year he (or his agents) sold £55,000 worth of pictures. Picasso, at the same age, was still an unknown painter living in an unheated studio in an old barn in Montmartre.

But a little girl of eight years, Minou Drouet, has beaten even Bernard Buffet in precocity. Minou, who writes poems which reveal echoes of Rimbaud, was discovered by the Academician Pasteur Vallery-Radot, who sent her verses to the enterprising Paris publisher René Julliard. Julliard published them as an experiment, in a non-commercial volume, and sent them to a number of writers and critics. The result is a bitter newspaper controversy and a rip-roaring row on the French radio, in which one critic, Morvan Lebesque, flatly denounced Minou Drouet as a fraud. Her poems, nevertheless, will soon be published in an edition of several thousand copies, and the public will decide whether she is a fraud or a genius.

FRAUD OR GENIUS? Minou Drouet, aged eight, whose poems have been discovered by a French Academician, is seen with her foster-mother at Le Pouliguery, Brittany.

A POINTER TO THE FUTURE : The Chief Minister of Malaya, Tengku Abdul Rahman, at the conference table.

REPRESENTING ONE OF THE YOUNGEST GOVERNMENTS IN THE COMMONWEALTH : The delegates who represent the Malayan Government, which was formed only last August, are seen at the Federation of Malaya Constitutional Conference. From left are Colonel H. S. Lee, Minister of Transport ; Tengku Abdul Rahman, Chief Minister ; Dato Panglima Bukit Gantang Tuan Haji Abdul Wahab, Prime Minister of Perak ; Enche Abdul Aziz bin Ishak, Minister of Agriculture ; and Dato Mohamed Seth.

A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE : The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, jokes with Tengku Abdul Rahman and Colonel Lee (centre) before the opening of the conference. Later their talks were private.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY CONSULTS : Mr. Lennox-Boyd talks with two Colonial Office advisers, Sir Charles Jeffries, Joint Deputy Under-Secretary of State, and (centre) Mr. A. MacKintosh.

The constitutional talks between Malay Federation and British Government representatives are aimed at coming to an agreement on the question of when, and in what manner, the Federation might achieve independence. The Chief Minister, in his speech at the opening session, said that he hoped the British Government would offer independence within the British Commonwealth by next year. In the meantime, he asked for his Government to be given responsibility for internal defence, finance, and the public services.

INDEPENDENCE FOR MALAYA?

The Constitutional Conference on the Federation Opens at Lancaster House, London.

THE FUTURE OF MALAYA IS THEIR CONCERN : The Federation delegates with the chief British representatives at Lancaster House. From left are Mr. John Hare, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs ; Dato Mohamed Seth, Dato Panglima Bukit Gantang Tuan Haji Abdul Wahab, Enche Abdul Aziz bin Ishak, Dato Abdul Razak bin Dato Hussein, the Federation Minister of Education ; Colonel Lee, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Tengku Abdul Rahman, Sir Donald MacGillivray, High Commissioner in Malaya ; Dr. Ismail bin Dato Abdul Rahman, Minister for Natural Resources ; and Dato Nik Ahmed Kamil.

FLOODS AT FEATHER RIVER

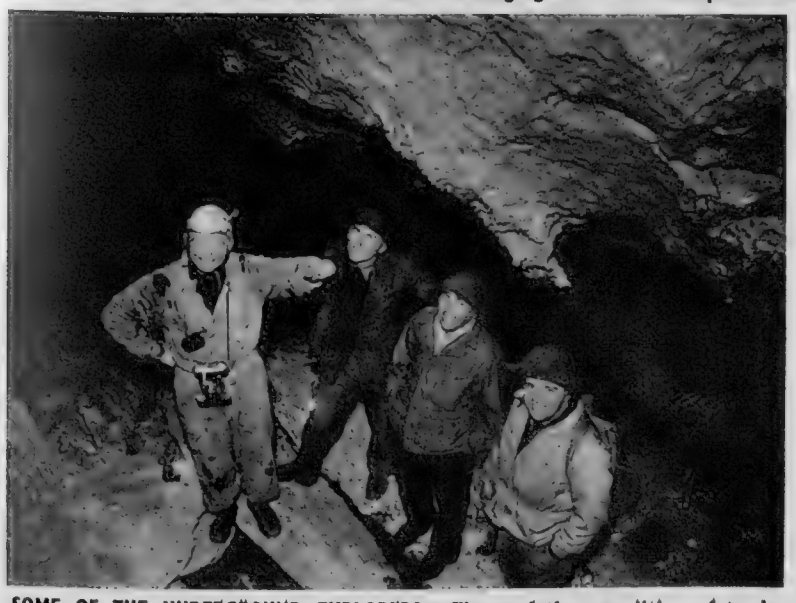
A Critical Situation in Central California Follows the December Floods

THE LEVEE IS BREACHED : The swollen floodwaters of the Feather River rush through a break in a levee or dyke at Nicolaus, California, midway between Yuba City and Sacramento. On the far left is a dredger which had been making vain efforts to strengthen the river defences at this point. This is the first major break in the system of levees which consist of little more than earthen embankments and are used as a protection against floods in this part of the United States, since the disastrous flooding at Christmas. At that time the area extended to three states including, besides California, parts of Oregon and Nevada. The toll at the end of the Christmas holidays after the waters had been at their highest, was nearly 60,000 people homeless and more than thirty dead.

ON GUARD AT A DANGER POINT : Workmen stand on the Shanghai Bend levee just south of Yuba City as the waters of the Feather River rise to the critical point. It was at this spot that the defences broke in December causing over thirty deaths.

THE FIGHT AT SHANGHAI BEND : Engineers of the United States Army threw up this emergency dyke at Shanghai Bend to fill the gap left by the break-through last month. At the upper left is Yuba City with the bridge that connects it to Marysville at upper right.

THE HÖLLOCH GROTTOES REVEAL THEIR EXHIBITION PIECE TO THE PATIENT SPELEOLOGISTS: Two of the expedition which went down the system of caverns near Lake Lucerne shortly after Christmas gaze in awe at the massive piece of rock called the Big Pagoda. It is 13 ft. high, and its colouring is a mixture of bright yellow and red, with a dark-brown roof overhanging it. This example of nature's underground handiwork was reached sixteen hours after entering the cave system.



SOME OF THE UNDERGROUND EXPLORERS: Three of the expedition of twelve are seen with the scientific leader (left), Dr. Alfred W. H. Bögli. He is explaining how the "evil wall" at the caverns' entrance, which once took three hours to scale, can now be climbed by ladder in ten minutes.

INSIDE SWITZERLAND'S MEASURELESS CAVERNS

Pictures from the Latest Expedition to the Hölloch Grottoes, Near Lucerne, which had to be Curtailed Owing to Heavy Rains

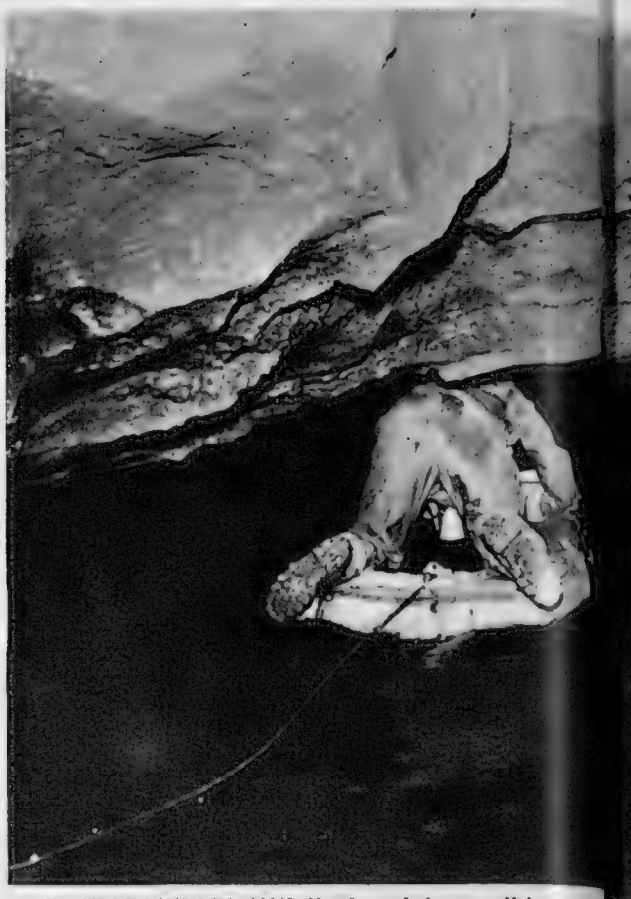
When the victorious Everest Expedition was asked why they had attempted to climb the great mountain in the first place, they were able to reply "Because it is there." No such answer could be given by the speleologist, the climber and explorer of the underground: because exploring the underworld is essentially a journey into the unknown. Caverns have always been "measureless to man." The Hölloch Grottoes, not far from Lake Lucerne, are an outstanding example of this subterranean fact, which can now be proved by the efforts which certain intrepid speleologists are making to measure those very caverns.

Twenty-five years ago the guide-books would invite visitors to the Muothal, in the Canton Schwyz, to pay two francs a visit to the Grottoes, described as a series of caverns and passages two miles long. The whole visit would take barely an hour. Just after last Christmas a twelve-man expedition spent five days exploring thirty-six miles of tunnels and corridors before they were forced to return above ground by flooding. Thus the mysteries of nature have become revealed to those who sought them; and the Swiss speleologists concerned are confident that the Hölloch Grottoes have still more to reveal.

The first serious exploration of the Hölloch caves was undertaken by Professor Alfred Bögli in the summer of 1952. He and his three companions were then cut off by the flooded, underground rivers for ten

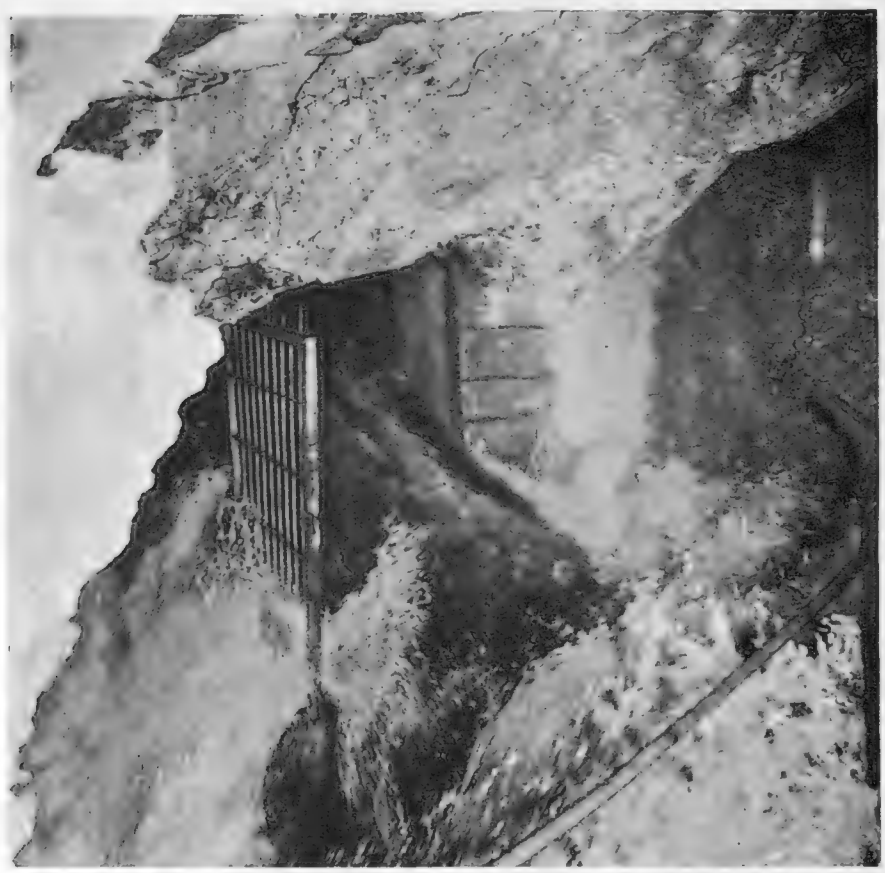
(Continued on following page)

RETURN FROM A RECONNAISSANCE : One of the speleologists returns from one of the smaller side tunnels which lead from the Corridor of Halls, nine hours' journey from the cavern entrance. He reported that, though this narrow tunnel was in some places only 11 ins. high, the expedition would be able to negotiate it.



A LAKE ON THE WAY TO CAMP II : One of the expedition crosses the Great Burkhalter Lake in the approved fashion : he is pulled across the water in an R.A.F. rubber dinghy.

INSIDE SWITZERLAND'S MEASURELESS CAVERNS



FLOODING IS AN EVER-CONSTANT MENACE TO HÖLLOCH SPELEOLOGISTS : A torrent of water comes thundering out of the entrance to the caves. When snows melt, water seeps into the cave system filling the tunnels and rising 300 ft. beyond its normal level.

A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR CLIMBING UNDERGROUND : A speleologist makes his hazardous way through the "Alligator Gorge." It was here that Professor Bögli and three companions were cut off by flood-waters during their expedition in 1951

(*Continued from previous page*)

days. That is a lesson which Professor Bögli has taken to heart. Another was the unhappy affair in January 1955, when, during a nine-day journey to the caverns, the expedition had to break off its attempts to explore the "Canyon Cathedral," one of the great high-vaulted caves, because it had run out of ropes.

To-day an expedition to Hölloch is organised with the precision that goes into a Himalayan attempt. When Professor Bögli headed a party of twelve as scientific leader at the end of last month, more than thirty-four miles of caverns had already been explored. The object was to stay down in the caves for ten days, and make still further progress.

Two advance parties established Camp II, about a day's march from the entrance of the tunnel. They carried equipment for the twelve men, and, bearing in mind the shortage earlier that year, it was comprehensive. It included three R.A.F. rubber dinghies, which were used to negotiate the Great Burkhalter Lake, one of the massive reservoirs of water found underground. There were also 400 yards of rope, 70 yards of rope-ladders, a quantity of metal ladders, and 132 lb. of carbide for their lamps. Camp II provided not only a base for this equipment but for the speleologists as well. All the major expeditions into the caverns began from this camp, where all twelve members of the expedition could sleep. But sometimes the speleologists would have to camp out during their exploration, for they would be away from camp for as long as forty hours.

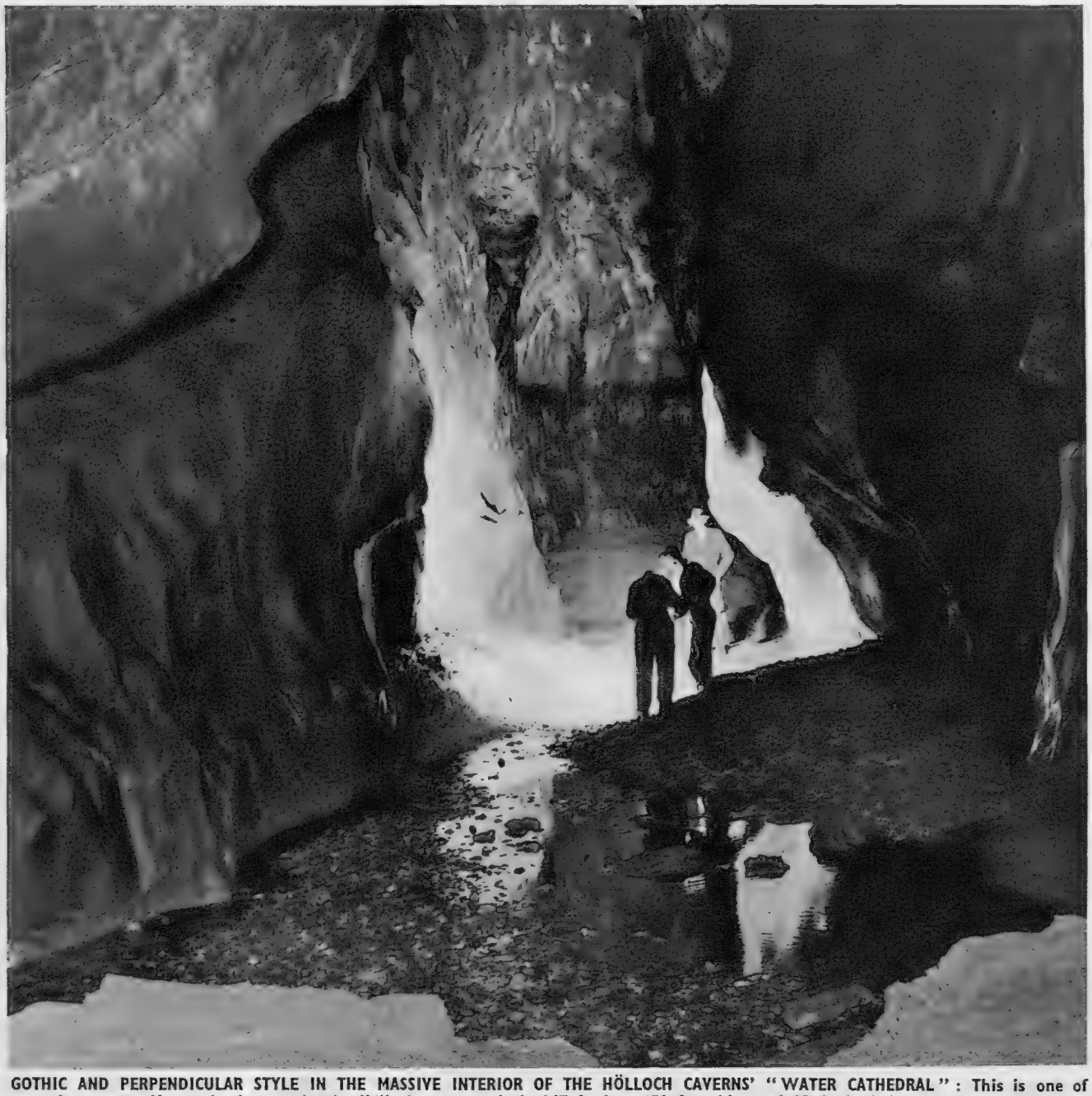
Last month's expedition was dogged by weather which was already bad when the explorers descended into the grottoes. After two days of work, during which a further 3,200 yards had been explored, the various flues of the SAC tunnels became filled with water, which was pouring through at a great pace. This was due to heavy rain above the caves and to the melting of snow on the high peaks. It was decided to stop work immediately and, because of the impending danger, to make a return to Camp II. As it was, the decision was made none too soon, and it took a 9½-hour detour to return to base.

At this time the members of the expedition were working well below ground. It is claimed that the Hölloch Grottoes reach depths of 2,760 ft., so that they were unable to receive radio signals from the surface. For that reason special messengers were despatched to tell the members of the expedition what the weather prospects were. But these, too, were delayed by a day because of the flooding which was becoming general in the tunnels. When finally the weather reports did arrive, and proved to be unfavourable, it was decided to return early.

This, after the considerable planning and preparation that had gone into the project, was a bitter blow to the speleologists. But they were not a whit dismayed. In the first instance, they pointed to the fact that they had discovered a further 3,200 yards of tunnelling. Furthermore, they had learned a great deal about the water system in the grottoes—almost too much for safety.

The expedition was greeted by the news that, at a scientific meeting held in America while they were underground, it had been claimed that the Collins Crystal Cave system, in Kentucky, was the largest established system in the world. It was claimed that it now extended over thirty-two miles. The Swiss speleologists immediately refuted this, pointing out that already they had explored a total of thirty-six miles, and that they believed the total length of the Hölloch system would eventually prove to be as long again. What is more, plans were already in hand for a new expedition, to be launched soon, which was going to go some way towards proving their claim.

"FLOWERS" OF THE UNDERWORLD: These calcite "roses," limestone formations, are ten hours from the entrance.



GOTHIC AND PERPENDICULAR STYLE IN THE MASSIVE INTERIOR OF THE HÖLLOCH CAVERNS' "WATER CATHEDRAL": This is one of the great self-contained caves in the Hölloch system. It is 147 ft. long, 50 ft. wide, and 82 ft. in height. A waterfall in the ground makes it difficult to pass through this underground chamber. The Hölloch system is claimed to be 2,760 ft. deep.

THE THRILLS AND PERILS OF SPELEOLOGY: Two of the expedition make their way down to a part of the caves known as "Solitude." After climbing down this difficult wall they reached enormous rocks.

THE ORGANISATION OF UNDERGROUND EXPLORATION: The speleologists at Camp II, which is situated a day's march inside the caves. From this camp, in which twelve people can sleep, all the major expeditions into the Hölloch Grottoes start. Apart from sleeping accommodation the camp holds all necessary stores.

The Foreign News in Pictures

NEW BEGINNINGS IN A NEW YEAR

Parliamentary Sessions are Opened, and a New Constitution is Proclaimed

THE OUTLINE FOR EGYPT'S NEW CONSTITUTION IS ACCLAIMED WITH FERVOUR : Some of the 200,000 people who had gathered in the Al Gamhouriya Square, in Cairo, to hear the Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Nasser, outline the constitution which is to be approved by plebiscite in June.

A NEW SESSION OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT : The Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey, inspects a guard of honour drawn up in front of the Parliament buildings in Ottawa. Inside Parliament he delivered the speech from the throne declaring a new session of the Canadian Parliament open. The guard of honour was provided by the Regiments of Canadian Footguards.

A NEW SESSION OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT : Outside the gates to the Senate House the Governor-General of South Africa, Dr. E. G. Jansen, stands with his wife as the National Anthem is played after the opening ceremony in Cape Town. This is the session in which the Government representation has been increased to enable Parliament to remove Cape coloured voters from the electoral roll.

A REPUBLIC CONSTITUTION IS PROCLAIMED FOR EGYPT : Colonel Nasser, the Premier, announcing the new constitution to a Cairo gathering last week. He was speaking exactly three years after the military revolution and the proclamation of the three-year transitional period. In deference to the end of military Government, Colonel Nasser and most of his Cabinet, who were sitting behind him, wore civilian clothes. The new constitution provides for a President and a single-chamber National Assembly, which will have the usual powers of legislation and supervision over the Executive. The new constitution is to be approved or rejected by national plebiscite in June, and a President will be elected the following month.

A NEW SESSION OF NORWAY'S STORTING : Crown Prince Olaf reads the speech from the throne at the opening of the hundredth session of the Storting in Oslo. The Crown Prince was taking the place of his father, eighty-three-year-old King Haakon, convalescing after fracturing a thigh-bone.

AN OLD MALAY CUSTOM IS FOLLOWED BY THE BRIDE FROM TORQUAY : Josephine Trevorrow sits beside her husband, Prince Mahmoud, on her throne at the feasting ceremony which followed her wedding at Johore Bahru. The twenty-one-year-old Princess from Torquay is seen wearing a rich Malay costume woven with gold. The Prince is a grandson of the Sultan of Johore. During the ceremony at the Bukit Stuland Palace it is the custom that the newly-wed couple sit expressionless while returning the stares of the hundreds of guests.

THE IMPERIAL POETRY PARTY : The Annual New Year's Imperial Poetry Reading is seen taking place in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. At separate tables in the background sit the Emperor and the Empress, and to the left of them Crown Prince Akihito. Fifteen poems selected from 7,490, which had been submitted from all over the world, were read at this traditional party. The subject this year was early spring. The Emperor's entry was : " It is early spring but still cold, For morning frost covers our garden where The pheasants play merrily."

SPAIN IS CONSULTED BY FRANCE ABOUT MOROCCO : M. Andre Dubois (right), the French Resident-General in Morocco, talks with General Garcia Valino, the Spanish High Commissioner, at the Chateau Palafito, near Larache. On left is Senor Alcover, the Spanish Minister. French-Spanish relations had not been particularly friendly during the earlier Moroccan crisis.

EAST BERLIN'S COMMUNISTS GO A-SOLDIERING : Some of the 15,000 members of the " Workers Militia " units parade through the streets of the Soviet Zone of Berlin in a four-hour display of Communist might. The parade was part of the annual ceremonies commemorating the deaths of the German Communists, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. Three days later it was announced that the East German Volkskammer had adopted laws which would establish a full-time People's Army and a defence ministry. New uniforms would be issued, and the Member of Parliament who introduced the Bill made himself a strong candidate for the post of first Defence Minister by wearing the uniform of a general for the occasion. The size of the new regular army will be about 150,000, and the same number of " volunteers " will serve.

A NEW SESSION OF THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT : King Gustaf Adolf reads the speech from the throne in the Hall of State at the Royal Palace in Stockholm. On the dais (extreme left) stands Prince Bertil, in naval uniform. Below the throne stand the Prime Minister, Dr. Tale Erlander (left), and the Foreign Minister, Dr. Östen Unden. The ladies of the Swedish Royal Family watched from a balcony.

THE SULTAN'S CHILDREN GO TO PARIS TO COMPLETE THEIR EDUCATION : Nineteen-year-old Prince Moulay Abdallah, the second son of the Sultan of Morocco, arrives at Orly Airport from Casablanca. With him is his sister, Princess Lalla Nezha, aged fourteen. Extreme left is Si Muhammed el Saffi, the Moroccan Minister of National Education.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

Since the Fourteenth Century.—Not many farmers can claim connection with a holding for over 600 years. I have just been looking into Dr. Edward Elmhirst's history of the Elmhirst family, who take their name from a farmstead—Elmhirst, a grove of elm trees—which is still part of the hereditary estate, a few miles south of Barnsley, in the West Riding. The first-known ancestor, Robert of Elmhirst, is mentioned in the Manor Rolls in 1303. He was a peasant—almost certainly a villein of serf origin—cultivating a collection of arable strips, with grazing rights on the commons, and holding his land on a labour tenure for life. That is, he was obliged to work one or more days a week, and at harvest, on his lord's demesne, to grind his corn at the manor mill, and pay a variety of petty dues, many of them in kind, as the price of his tenancy.

After the Black Death in 1348–49, labour became scarce. Many of the feudal penalties were abolished, and money rent gradually took the place of labour. The Elmhirsts benefited by the change and prospered modestly, consolidating their position as copyholders; that is, their title deeds were copies of the Manor Rolls. Perhaps the first Elmhirst to make a real rise in the world was one Richard Elmhirst, *c.*1600–1654, who added to the family property by shrewd purchases in the Dale of Worsbrough, and became in effect a gentleman farmer. In addition Richard acted as agent to his neighbour, the great Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, chief minister to Charles I. Strafford was a statesman of power and integrity, who served his undeserving master too thoroughly and lost his head on Tower Hill in 1641.

It followed naturally that Richard was a Royalist in the Civil War. He fortified his house, Houndhill, and manned the ramparts with forty soldiers. To small purpose, however, for Houndhill was captured with little difficulty by Sir Thomas Fairfax in person, and Richard was fortunate to escape forfeiture of all his property by the payment of a large fine. Thenceforward, with perhaps a single exception, the Elmhirsts pursued sober and industrious lives, often combining farming with a profession, a tradition maintained by the present "incumbent," Mr. Alfred Elmhirst, who is a lawyer, farms 400 acres for wheat and dairy, and lets off the remaining 200 acres of the family property to tenants. He is also a well-known figure in the public life of the district.

Coal Versus Land.—About 200 years ago deep coal-mining began in the Worsbrough Dale, which brought the landowners some fine windfalls from coal royalties, offset in recent years by subsidence and open-cast. One field Mr. Elmhirst showed me had subsided 8 ft. and become barren and waterlogged. Undeterred, Mr. Elmhirst offered it as a free tipping site to the local Council, who filled it with the contents of the townsmen's dustbins, viz., paper, cans, bottles, clinker and ash, and builders' waste. It is now growing a fair crop of wheat, and on two acres treated in this way four years ago it is producing an excellent grass sward. I could hardly believe such things were possible.

In the early years open-cast mining was a far worse fate. The land was stripped regardless, coal dug out, and top and sub-soil thrown back higgledy-piggledy together, leaving behind a boulder-strewn wilderness, which is there for all time. Now, largely owing to vigorous action by a few men, including Mr. Elmhirst, technique has so improved that the land is being properly and literally restored for agricultural use. Only last November I walked over a 25-acre field under open-cast requisition. It looked like a moonscape. Huge crawlers and earth-movers had already stripped the whole area, leaving two huge mounds, one of top-soil, one of sub-soil. They had then dug out a wide trench of overburden (rock, clay, etc.) above the coal seam, and dumped it at the bottom of the field. The coal thus revealed was ready for excavation, and after removal the hole would be filled with overburden from the next section, laying bare yet more coal. In fact, exactly the same system as double-trenching in the garden. When the whole field had been dug over, the last hole would be filled with overburden from the original excavation.

After that follows the grading and replacement of the sub-soil and the top-soil; liming, fertilising, and recropping for a probationary period by the County Agricultural Committee; and finally draining and refencing. In five years' time Mr. Elmhirst will get his land back. Thanks to tough tussles in the past with the Ministries of Works, Fuel and Power, and Agriculture, with the National Coal Board, and with contractors and others, there is now every chance that the land will be handed back in fair shape. I saw another block of fields, properly restored after open-cast. They looked in good order, well fenced and drained, and giving every appearance of ability to yield fair crops.

DIGGING FOR COAL IN YORKSHIRE: This aerial view shows one of the open-cast coal sites which were established at Shipley shortly after the end of the war. It was closed in late 1950. During the five years it was being worked, 1,093,389 tons of coal were quarried from it.

RECLAIMING THE LAND: Work is in progress on replacing the sub-soil at an open-cast coal site at Chibburn, about ten miles from Newcastle. The site was opened in 1952 and 1,000,000 tons have been extracted.

A Roundhead Nail.—I seem to have followed Sir Thomas Fairfax round the country. Dr. R. K. Fortescue-Foulkes, who runs a nursing home at Poltimore House, near Exeter, has sent me another interesting note about Parliament's General.

Fairfax was at the head of his troops invading the West Country in the fall of 1645. He seized Plymouth and laid serious siege to Exeter in March 1646. He set up his headquarters at Columb-John, the seat of the Acland family, which is two miles from Poltimore House, then the home of Sir John Bampfylde. Securing all approaches to the city, he summoned the Governor, Sir John Berkeley, to surrender. As the Royalists were short of provisions, it was agreed to negotiate on honourable terms, and commissioners met at Poltimore House to decide details. Eventually the Royalist forces marched out of Exeter with full honours of war on April 13.

The sequel is this. In felling an old tree in Poltimore Park in 1946 three saws were damaged, and when the tree was finally cut, several iron nails, 9½ ins. long, were discovered embedded in the butt. It is more than a good guess to suggest that these nails were driven into the tree by Roundhead troopers, who tethered their horses in the park, when on garrison duty at Poltimore, 300 years ago. The type of nails and the amount of growth of wood round them all point to this conclusion.

The British Agricultural History Society.—This Society, of which I have the honour to be a member, was founded in 1953 under the Presidency of Sir James Scott Watson. The secretary is John Higgs, Keeper of the Museum of English Rural Life at Reading University. The aim of the Society is to encourage the serious study of every aspect of the countryside, in particular by holding conferences and courses, and by publishing a *Review*.

It has been pointed out that considering the absolute necessity of agriculture to our existence, we know remarkably little about its history in detail. Until recently, most of our knowledge of the last 400 years was summed up in half a dozen histories, published 1907–15. It is only since the end of the last war that there has been a real recrudescence of inquiry. Now, there is evidence of strong and abundant interest—in academic studies, text-books, and more popular but equally valuable publications and broadcasts: a notable example being Dr. W. G. Hoskins' work on the evolution of the landscape.

The *Agricultural History Review* is now published twice a year, and in addition to scholarly contributions it keeps a record of all contemporary books and articles on rural history, and also of work in progress. But this is only a beginning. There is a vast mass of documents awaiting investigation—inventories, wills, awards, conveyances, tax returns, parish books, local newspapers and much else—and there is only a small number of professional men who have the time and the training to do the work. Fortunately, the number of academic posts devoted to the study of rural history is increasing; even so, a far wider recognition of the importance of the subject is needed.

The Society now has close on 400 members, a mixture of institutions, scholars and enthusiastic amateurs. It has a vast task on hand. It is doing its best.

Tailpiece.—For the first time in my life I was involved, indirectly, in a hold-up when returning from a trip north. Intending to catch the 12.35 midnight connection at Manchester for the West Country, I went to Penistone at about 10.30 p.m. for the branch line train. Penistone is a high cold junction, and there was hardly a soul about. I chatted with the booking clerk about tickets and time-tables for a few minutes, and then caught the train. Arrived at Manchester, I found an empty compartment near the engine on the 12.35, and settled down to sleep. Soon afterwards I was aware of a posse of policemen stationing themselves in the corridor, and then entering the compartment in force. Yes, they were after me.

Had I been at Penistone about an hour and a half ago? Yes, I had. Could I identify myself? Not easily. I never carry my driving licence, but fortunately I had a letter on me with my full name and address. What had I been doing in the north? By now I had recovered from the first shock and, having no particular crime on my conscience, was thoroughly interested. Apparently about the time I got to Penistone, a couple of bandits had seized a car from the station yard and driven off brandishing pistols. The movements of everyone in the vicinity were immediately checked up, and the booking clerk had put the police on to me. I thought it was an extraordinarily smart piece of work and, after my identity had been checked by 'phone call, we all parted in excellent humour. But it was an experience.

TO BE MANNED BY BRITISH SEA CADETS THIS YEAR—MR. STAVROS NIARCHOS'S 434-TON YACHT "CREOLE": The stirring sight of the three-masted auxiliary schooner is captured in this picture by Beken of Cowes. *Creole*, belonging to the Greek shipowner Mr. Stavros Niarchos, has been made available to British sea cadets this summer. She has been entered for the Sail Training-Ship International Race Committee's Torbay to Lisbon race next June. With a registered tonnage of 434 and a Thames measurement of 699 tons the *Creole* is said to be the largest sailing yacht afloat. She was designed by Mr. Charles R. Nicholson and built by Camper and Nicholson's at Gosport in 1927. During the war the schooner was used by the Admiralty on the work of "de-magnetising" vessels as a protection against magnetic mines. Afterwards she was decommissioned and returned to Gosport. There Mr. Niarchos saw her in 1951, lying dismasted in a mud berth. He acquired her and saw to her refitting. The yacht has since attended the Spithead Review in 1953, and cruised extensively.

FOR PLEASURE AND BUSINESS

Sea Cadets will Sail Mr. Niarchos's Yacht; a British-Built Trawler Goes to Her Russian Owners

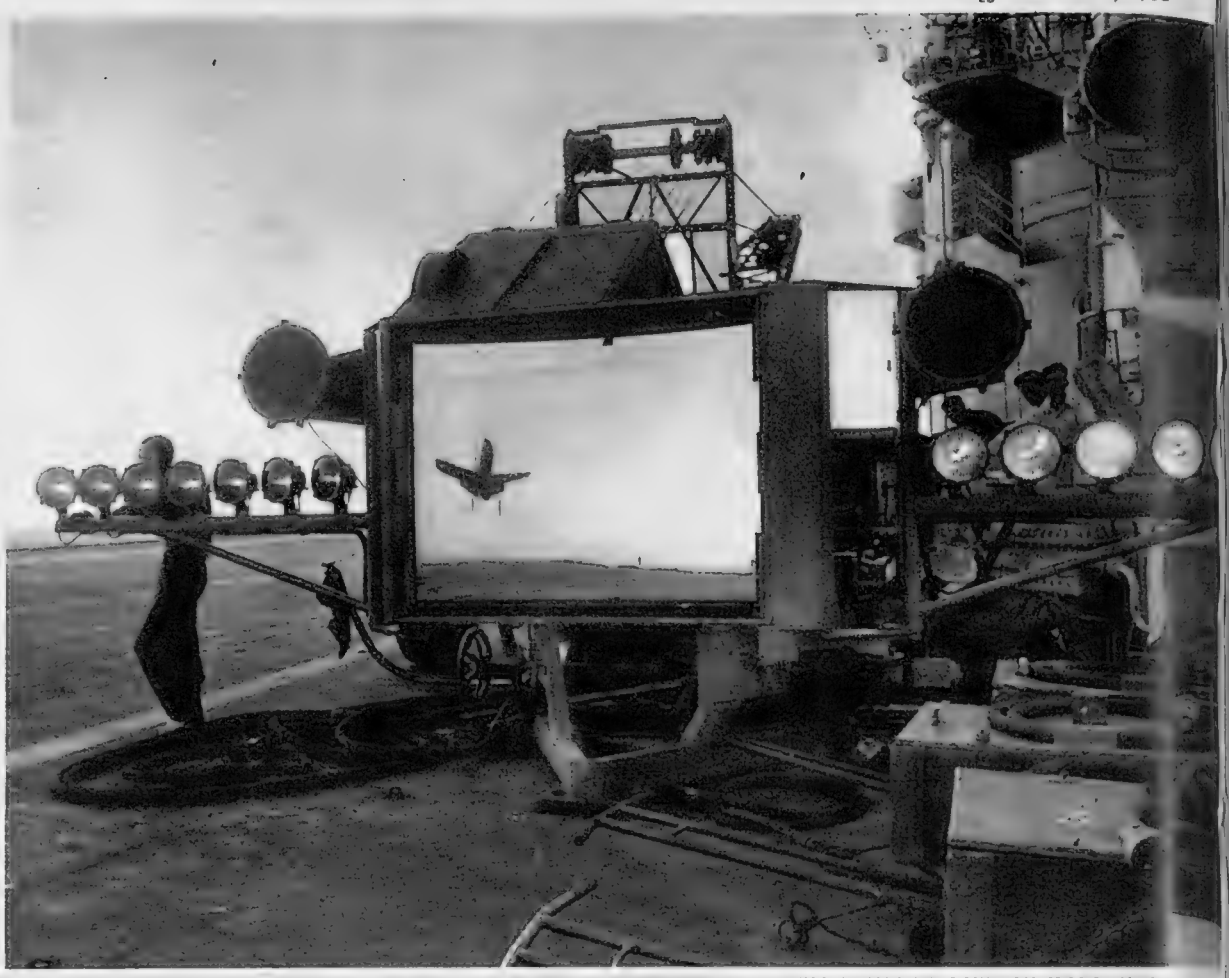
THE FIRST OF THE BRITISH-BUILT TRAWLERS FOR RUSSIA IS HANDED OVER TO HER NEW OWNERS: The M.T. *Pioner*, seen here during her sea trials, sailed last week from Lowestoft bound for Murmansk. She had earlier been handed over by the builders, Brooke Marine, to the owners, the Russian Government, in the presence of members of the Soviet trade delegation to the United Kingdom. The *Pioner* is one of five trawlers which are being built by Brooke Marine at Lowestoft for Russia. Each of them is about 190 ft. long, and has been specially designed to operate in the worst Arctic conditions. Special steam valves are provided in strategic positions complete with hoses to help remove ice.

FLYING FROM H.M.S. "EAGLE"

Britain's Great Fleet Aircraft-carrier Shows its Power and Efficiency in the Mediterranean

In the winter sunshine of the Mediterranean the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* has been carrying out flying trials designed to work up her air group to the required degree of efficiency. In this age of high-speed flying, when the modern carrier-borne aircraft has to be catapulted into the air and comes in to land at a speed of 100 m.p.h., one small slip can mean disaster. It is therefore essential that continuous training of the kind undergone recently is given to the ship's company as well as to the air crew. Every man on board must be tensed and alert to fulfil his task in the routine take-off and landing drills.

Like her sister-ship, the *Ark Royal*, which was completed for operational service only last year, H.M.S. *Eagle* is equipped with the most modern devices designed to aid flyer and deck-crew in their tasks. These include catapults, mirror landing sights, and what may be described as an interim angled deck. The hull of the aircraft-carrier is subdivided into numerous watertight compartments to prevent flooding in case of damage in action. Indeed, one of the features of the ship is the damage control arrangement: wartime experience has influenced the provision of facilities for the swift repair of the carrier even while she is still in the battle zone.



COMING DOWN TO LAND ON H.M.S. "EAGLE": In the mirror landing sight on the deck of the great aircraft-carrier is reflected a Fairey Gannet as it comes in to land. The pilot of the aircraft does not see this reflection; instead he watches a spot of light in the centre of the mirror which guides him on his way in. The pictures on these pages were obtained by the photographer Baron when he spent three days on board the carrier in the Mediterranean.

The present H.M.S. *Eagle* is the latest of a long line of vessels bearing the illustrious name. The first was "The Eagle of Lübeck" which was purchased from the Hanseatic League in 1592 at a cost of £70. The cost of building to-day's aircraft-carrier was £15,795,000. It took a long time to build her to the specification required by the ever-changing demands of modern tacticians. The ship was laid down as H.M.S. *Audacious* in October 1942 on the very day that the Eighth Army won its victory at El Alamein. In March 1946 the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, launched the carrier as H.M.S. *Eagle*, and it was another six years before the vessel was finally accepted by the Royal Navy.

Now the aircraft-carrier displaces 36,800 tons, or 46,000 tons full load. She has accommodation for a maximum complement in war of 2,750, though to-day there are no more than 2,000 on board. Up to 110 aircraft can be accommodated in her vast holds; sixteen 4.5-in. guns give her added fire-power. While for her own defence no fewer than fifty-eight Bofors anti-aircraft guns are mounted.

For a ship of such importance, and of such size, it is only right that a considerable proportion of expenditure and modern inventiveness should be devoted to the personnel. It is encouraging to learn, therefore, that efforts are being made to make accommodation vie with technical efficiency for up-to-dateness.

MAKING READY TO GO BELOW DECK: A Fairey Gannet, its wings in the act of folding, taxies towards the deck park. Later it will be taken to the lift which will bring it to its allotted space under the flight deck. All modern naval aircraft are equipped with folding wings in order to conserve hangar space.

THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE MODERN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER WORK: In this representative gathering of the ship's complement are included everyone, from the Flag Officer, Aircraft-Carriers, in the foreground, to the air crew and their fitters in the distance.

THE DAY'S ISSUE ON DISPLAY: This is what it takes to supply the needs of the 2,000 men on board the aircraft-carrier each day. The supply officer and members of his staff stand behind nearly 1,120 lb. of meat, 6,260 lb. of vegetables, and 2,000 lb. of bread.

BRITAIN'S NEW FLEET SHOWS THE FLAG—H.M.S. "EAGLE" STEAMS INTO THE BAY OF NAPLES ON A COURTESY VISIT: Once Nelson impressed the King of Naples with his men-of-war. To-day the striking force of Britain's Navy is demonstrated to the inhabitants of the city. The crew of H.M.S. *Eagle* lines the deck, on which stand the aircraft which are based on the carrier. The 36,800-ton H.M.S. *Eagle*, like H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, is equipped with the latest devices to meet the needs of the jet age.

FIRST-CLASS DRYSTONE WALLING BESIDE THE RIVER AT LANGDALE IN THE LAKE DISTRICT : Many of the stones for the wall have been picked from the river-bed—a frequent occurrence in the Langdales. The dry summer of 1953 gave a good opportunity for walling by the river.

DRYSTONE WALLS OF THE NORTH

These Ancient Constructions, which are Still in Use, Form an Integral Part of the Northern Scene

QUITE apart from any utilitarian purpose they serve, the drystone walls that sprawl across the fells and moors of the North Country are an integral part of the scenery from the Peak of Derbyshire to the Cheviot Hills of the Border.

Among the limestone hills they stand white and bleached against a green background ; on the gritstone uplands and the mountain slopes of the Lake Country they are of the natural darkness of the native rock. Always, however, the general impression is one of complete harmony with their surroundings. Indeed, there are many who assert that the drystone wall is one of the few works of man which actually enhances the charms of Nature. To imagine the Northern scene without its walls is to visualise something bare and even forbidding.

Naturally enough, those who built the walls had no thought of beautifying the scene when they set about their tasks. They worked strictly in the interests of utility, using the stone which was readily available on the local slopes, but, as is so often the case when man is compelled to build thus, the practical has combined with the æsthetic and the ultimate result is one of undeniable charm.

There have, of course, been walls on the North Country hills for a very long time. In the days when forest rights were rigorously upheld, we learn of a wall being constructed in 1279 to keep the cattle which grazed in the vale of Grasmere from trespassing in the adjoining forest of Rydal. When, also in the thirteenth century, the monks of Furness Abbey received permission to enclose pasture land in the forest of Egremont, it was stipulated that the surrounding wall must be sufficiently low to enable the deer to get in or out of the farm lands.

The monasteries were responsible for a great deal of wall-building on the uplands. And even when Henry VIII had supressed the monasteries, wall-building in the North Country continued, many tenants holding lands on the condition that these should be " hedged with dyke or wall."

Fragments of these early erections certainly exist in several places among the Northern hills, but, interesting as they are from a historical point of view, they make but a small contribution to the general scene. The pattern of to-day is mainly a survival from the time when the Inclosure Awards changed the entire structure of North Country farming.

Under the allotment of lands by the various Awards, not only was the new owner obliged to surround his acquisition with a stone fence or wall, but the actual height and other dimensions was specified. In an Inclosure Award for Shap, Westmorland, in 1813, certain portions were required to be " ringfenced with a wall 6 ft. high, 36 ins. at the bottom, and 16 ins. at the top," and a contemporary report for County Durham stated the usual dimensions there to be 4½ ft. high, with a 9-in. coping, 28 ins. at the base, and 16 ins. at the top.

The materials required were readily obtainable and the wallers estimated that they could build a rood (7 yards) per day, and gradually the scene took on something of the appearance of to-day. William Wordsworth was one of many who witnessed this transformation of the Northern hillsides. In his famous *Guide* he tells us : " When first created, these stone fences must have little disguised the face of the country ; as part of the lines would everywhere be hidden by the quantity of the native wood then remaining ; and the lines would be broken (as they still are) by the rocks which interrupt and vary their course."

HUGE BOULDERS FORM A BASE FOR THIS DRYSTONE WALL IN THE LANGDALES : They provide a firm and good foundation as the wall will be required to withstand frequent rushes of water. A dry-stone wall will last for four or five generations, and in natural conditions there should be little need for repair. But a few stones put out of place soon expose the core of the wall to the weather.

On left—

ERECTING A DRYSTONE WALL IN SWINDALE VALLEY, NEAR HAWES-WATER : It is being built close to a spot where road-making and the construction of a tunnel are under way to connect with a proposed dam for Manchester.

Below—

KEEPING ALIVE THE CRAFT OF DRY-STONE WALLING : Members of a Young Farmers' section are seen taking part in a walling competition at Heversham, Westmorland.

Once built, a drystone wall will last for four or five generations, and in natural conditions there should be little need for repair, but, of course, jumping sheep often displace stones, and fell walkers, unwittingly or otherwise, upset the structure. A few stones out of place soon expose the core of the wall to the weather. A spell of frost and snow will bring about something akin to " geological rheumatism " inside and cause a partial collapse.

The very durability of the walls naturally meant that once the initial work was over the number of full-time wallers began to decrease, and to-day there are very few professionals left. On the other hand, many of the hill farmers are sufficiently skilled to undertake repair work when necessary, and members of Young Farmers' Clubs are being encouraged to keep up the craft. Interest, too, is maintained by the promotion of drystone walling contests, usually held in conjunction with the ploughing matches, and several of these are due to take place in the north-west in the next few weeks.

Like all builders, the wallers start off with a foundation, digging out some of the turf, and putting a double row of square stones to serve as the base, for what appears a solid structure from the distance is, in reality, a double affair of two outer faces, gradually tapering towards the top. It is, of course, the slope, or " batter," as many of the wallers call it, that was responsible for the difference in widths at the bottom and top cited in the old Inclosure Awards. The outer faces are built on the two-upon-one and then one-upon-two principle in order to break the joints. To the onlooker, the way one stone fits up against its neighbour always seems little short of a miracle. Naturally, some spaces are inevitable, and these, as well as the gap between the two rows, are filled up with smaller stones.

To bind the courses together, larger stones, or " throughs " (which, as the name implies, go right through the wall and protrude on either side), are placed in position at regular intervals, the first set being about a foot above the ground and the second the same distance below the top. When the desired height has been reached, a layer of flat stones is placed along the top to keep it weatherproof. Finally, a layer of upright stones—the coping stones—is added to prevent the agile North Country hill sheep from jumping over. Indeed, special " hog holes," as they are called in the Lake Country, or " cripple holes," as the Yorkshire wallers call them, are provided for their passage from one pasture to another.

To-day, the drystone walls are a permanency in the Northern scene and their maintenance keeps alive a craft of both fascination and skill.

Sydney Moorhouse.

A MAN-MADE SEA CRAB IN TEXAS : The "Retriever," a gigantic machine specially constructed for the U.S. Army to assist in the salvage of stranded landing craft, dwarfs both man and car as it awaits delivery at the 12,000-acre proving grounds of its makers, R. G. Le Tourneau, Longview. It was later shipped to the U.S. Army Transportation Corps at Fort Eustis, Virginia.

THE "RETRIEVER" TAKES TO THE WATER : When in operation the "Retriever" goes out into water well over a man's head, raises sunken or capsized landing craft, and either sets them afloat or climbs ashore again with them firmly in tow. *Below*—A vessel is hauled up from the sea bed. The Le Tourneau "Retriever" rolls over rough beaches as smoothly as a car on tarmac.

FISHING FOR LANDING CRAFT

A Specially Designed "Retriever" has been Built in America for Salvaging Sunken and Capsized Beaching Vessels

The Le Tourneau "Retriever" was constructed in answer to a request by the United States Army for a new method of salvaging equipment, needed to handle the large percentage of landing craft which is lost every year during beaching operations. Army statistics reveal that only 10 per cent. of the landing craft put out of action during the Second World War were the result of direct enemy action. Most of them were sunk or grounded by the forces of nature, such as high winds and rough seas. The construction of these craft and the nature of their use in operations render them particularly susceptible to rough weather.

The answer to the Army's demand was the Le Tourneau "Retriever," electrically self-propelled and travelling on four of the largest rubber tyres in the world. The secret of the ease to be found in operating the machine is a separate electric motor and gear reduction built into each individual wheel. Since this equipment is contained in the hubs of the wheels themselves and must frequently function under water, it is completely waterproofed and is cooled by a system providing air under pressure. Another system of simple electric switches makes it possible for one man to operate all the functions of the 101-ton machine, although a crew is maintained for attaching hoist cables to grounded or capsized craft.

The self-propelled "Retriever" is capable of recovering stranded or capsized vessels in water up to 8 ft. in depth and can lift any craft up to and including the large LCM-8 (67 tons). In size it is 75 ft. long, 38 ft. wide and 22 ft. high. Even when it is fully loaded it can climb a gradient of 1 in 5. The power for all the motors is supplied by two General Motors (6-71) diesel engines driving Le Tourneau-built generators.

In essence, the machine consists of a U-shaped frame mounted on four "electric wheels" which drive, brake and steer to give the highest possible manœuvrability and driving traction on every conceivable surface. Each wheel is equipped with tubeless tyres 10 ft. high and 4 ft. wide, allowing good driving traction on extremely soft terrain. There are eight floodlights fitted on the machine for night operations.

The sprawling mass of olive green steel beams that comprises the "Retriever" has been delivered to U.S. Army Transportation Corps at Fort Eustis.

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

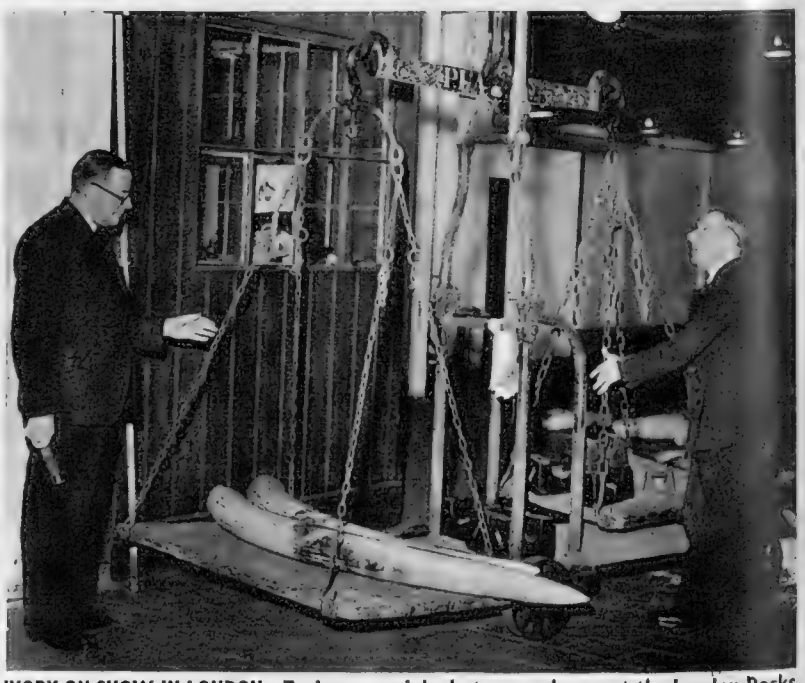
Recent Events in London and the Provinces

A BISHOP IS ENTHRONED : The new Roman Catholic Bishop of Brentwood, the Right Reverend Monsignor Bernard Wall, is seen seated at the High Altar in Brompton Oratory during the ceremonies of his consecration to the Episcopate. Monsignor Wall is Rector of St. John's Seminary at Wonersh, in Surrey, which is the seminary for secular clergy of the Roman Catholic diocese of Southwark. The sermon during the service was preached by the Most Reverend Gerald Patrick O'Hara, the Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain. A large body of clergy and laity attended the enthronement, and received the first blessing of the new Bishop afterwards.

THE FIRST BLESSING : It is given in Brompton Oratory by the new Bishop of Brentwood. Behind him (on the left) is the Most Reverend Neil Farron, Bishop of Derry, and behind him (on the right) is the Right Reverend George Andrew Beck, new Bishop of Salford.

THE ELECTION OF THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON : The Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. W. R. Matthews, is seen announcing the result of the election of the Right Reverend Henry Montgomery Campbell by the Greater Chapter in the Cathedral. Seated at the left of the table is Dr. Wand, who retired from the See at the end of last year. The confirmation of the election of the new Bishop was arranged for January 25 at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, and on the next day he was to pay homage to the Queen. The enthronement has been arranged for February 28.

PREPARING NEW BEAMS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY : Carpenters are at work in the improvised workshop which has been set up in the south walk of the Abbey Cloisters. They are making new oak beams for the Nave and Transept roofs and most of the work is being done by hand. The new beams are to replace the old timbers which have been affected by dry rot. Each new section weighs a ton. It is expected that this part of the extensive restoration work at the Abbey will take about five years to complete.



IVORY ON SHOW IN LONDON : Tusks are weighed at a warehouse at the London Docks prior to an auction at Mincing Lane earlier this week. There were about 6 tons of elephant and rhinoceros tusks for sale. The elephant tusks were expected to make up to £1 per pound and rhinoceros tusks about £3.

TREE-FELLING IN THE MALL: The thinning-out of the plane trees in the Mall began recently when alternate trees were removed from the inner row on each side to improve the growth of those left standing. Hitherto the trees have only been some 20 ft. apart with the result that they have been stunted in their growth. The Advisory Committee on Forestry to the Ministry of Works recommended the "thinning-out" in order to achieve a finer avenue of trees along the entire length of the Mall.

A VISIT FROM SPAIN: The Spanish minelayer *Neptuno* is seen at Portsmouth, where she arrived on a five-day visit. Aboard were sixty midshipmen under training who had come to see something of the Royal Navy at work. The *Neptuno* is the first Spanish warship to visit Britain since 1939.

On right—

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE WINNER: I. Amin, of Egypt, the winner of the Amateur Squash Rackets Championships held at the Lansdowne Club, London, is congratulated by the former title holder and his opponent in the finals, R. B. R. Wilson. Amin beat Wilson by 4—9, 9—7, 2—9, 9—7, 10—8, after having two match points against him in the final game. It was a fine feat on the part of the young Egyptian to have won the title on his first attempt at the age of twenty-one.

GREATER WEATHER PROTECTION FOR THE CREW IS A FEATURE OF BRITAIN'S LATEST LIFEBOAT: The *Dunnet Head* makes smooth progress through the water during trials off Littlehampton, in Sussex. She is a new 47-ft. Watson Cabin lifeboat, and will be stationed at Thurso, Caithness. The new boat has greater speed and endurance than the 46-ft. 9-in. Watson Cabin-type boat, and an outstanding feature is the provision of a covered steering position for greater weather protection.

JANUARY LAMBS IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE ON A HAMPSHIRE FARM: They are from the Red Rice flock of pedigree Hampshire Down sheep belonging to Major P. Miller Mundy, who lives near Andover. Major Miller Mundy breeds principally for rams, many of which are exported.

THE CLIFTON HOTEL IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD : This is one of the most charming public houses in London. It was built in the middle of the last century. In the front garden are chairs and tables under umbrellas for the summer, with coloured lights stretched above them from the trees.

AN OFFICIAL RESIDENCE BY NASH : It is one of the keeper's lodges in Regent's Park. Severely designed in stucco, its windows give good light. The lodges in the Royal parks are considered to be among the most desirable small houses in London.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO BROMPTON ORATORY : The caretaker's house is just inside the gates in the courtyard at the entrance to the Kensington church. Many simple, yet attractive, mid-Victorian buildings of this kind are to be seen in London.

HOUSES THAT GO WITH THE JOB

In and Around London there are a Number of Buildings of Varying Sizes and Styles which are Official Residences

Written, with Sketches, by BARBARA JONES
Photographs by W. G. DAVIS

IN the country there are a great many houses that go with jobs ; in many villages, every cottage is tied. There will probably also be a vicarage and a pub and some lodge gates, all tied likewise. The only habitations likely to be bought, sold, and occupied freely will be the village shop and the garage, neither of which is likely to be bought except for its original purpose. So in the final analysis in this sort of village it can be said every building is a house that goes with a job.

In London these houses are much rarer but most of those that do exist parallel some of the country ones—vicarages, pubs and lodge- or park-keepers' houses. Good clergymen and publicans in London can even dream that one day the small vicarage or four-ale house may be Lambeth Palace or the Ritz. But even below these splendid levels, both professions have to contend with fortune for their houses, and some are luckier than others.

One of the lucky publicans is Mrs. Bysher, who runs the Clifton Hotel, in Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood. This hotel is one of a row of typical St. John's Wood eighteen-fortyish houses with large windows, the whole faintly Greek in style. Clifton Hill is narrow and the gardens are wooded in the best traditions of this part of London ; the front garden of the hotel has been turned into a little courtyard with tables and chairs under umbrellas for summer drinking ; coloured electric light bulbs are stretched between the trees. The whole effect of the row of houses with the hotel and its courtyard is so snugly suburban as to constitute a little fortress against the architectural wastes of West Hampstead which stretch northwards almost directly from Clifton Hill.

The lodges scattered round the edges of the parks are perhaps the most desirable small houses in London. They are almost all classical : the wild extremes of Gothic which attracted landowners in the country, and made them in some cases build chapter-houses for their gate-keepers never affected the designers of lodges for the Royal parks in London. They are all very severe little temples, with squat pillars in Hyde Park, and plain stucco for Regent's Park. But these latter small lodges by Nash, though duller than one expects, are at least better lit than some ; many builders of fantastic lodges believed passionately that only the smallest and most heavily leaded windows were permissible in the truly picturesque cot. The lodge illustrated on this page stands at the northern end of Regent's Park.

The prettiest keeper's house in London stands empty on Duck Island in St. James's Park. It was damaged by a bomb during the war and has been scheduled to be pulled down, but there is hope it may be reprieved. Certainly it is damp, gas-lit and lacking in mod. con., but surely the enchanting roofs could be shored up while new walls and floors were built and amenities added underneath them ? St. James's Park as we see it now was very successfully re-landscaped under George IV, but the name Duck Island is much older. Augustus Hare refers to it in *Walks in London*.

" One of the most remarkable sinecures ever known was that of the salaried governor of Duck Island which once adorned the water near this point, an appointment which was bestowed by Charles II upon St. Evremond and by Queen Caroline upon Stephen Duck, ' the thresher poet ' ridiculed by Swift." Hare also writes : " St. James's is by far the prettiest of the London parks, and the most frequented by the lower orders. On Sundays they come by thousands to sit upon the seats, mentioned by Goldsmith, where, ' if a man be splenetic, he may every day meet companions, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather,' and they bring bread to feed the waterfowl, which are the direct descendants of those introduced and fed by Charles II."

The house on Duck Island is exactly what a bird-keeper's house should be, low, rustic and rambling, almost invisible in the trees. Nearest the public path, under a gabled roof with richly assorted barge-boards, is

LATE VICTORIAN TASTE : This spikey, tiled lodge is at the entrance to Gainsborough Gardens, a circus of large red houses, put up in about 1890, surrounding a small lawn.

THE PRETTIEST KEEPER'S COTTAGE IN LONDON : It stands empty on Duck Island in St. James's Park and may be pulled down. The delightful cottage with Doric columns made of tree trunks was designed by J. B. Watson in 1840 as the home of the bird-keeper of the Ornithological Society. The last keeper retired three years ago.

a single pretty room. Doric columns made of tree trunks uphold its entrance porch and continue to make a covered-way to the house itself, with parlour, bedroom, pantry, kitchen, all charmingly proportioned and neat. The windows are leaded, no two gables are alike, creepers hang all over the covered way and brush the ground—it is the epitome of elegant variation.

Originally the bird-keeper was an official of the Ornithological Society of London, founded in 1837. The birds in St. James's and the other London parks belonged to it and its object was to maintain a good collection of various fowl. The Prince Consort became its Patron and Sir Robert Peel was one of its first vice-presidents. In the cottage on Duck Island a book was kept in which "Gentlemen desirous of becoming members of the Society" could insert their names. Their subscriptions were also received in the Cottage.

In 1869 the Society held its last meeting and its waterfowl collection was purchased by the Office of Works, which assumed responsibility for the Cottage and the bird-keeper's wages. The building continued to serve as the keeper's residence until 1953 when it was vacated by Mr. Thomas Hinton, B.E.M., who had looked after the collection since 1900.

Brompton Oratory has a caretaker's house in the courtyard. It is a neatly detailed lodge on the left as you go through the gates. Built in the 1850's, but still in the classical style, it is one of the countless simple Victorian buildings that are easily forgotten under the impact of such splendid later wog-work as the lodge to Gainsborough Gardens in Hampstead. Gainsborough Gardens, a circus of huge red houses built between 1885 and 1890, lies roughly over the site of the old pump room and surrounds a melancholy little cup of lawn.

There is a single lodge, spikey with tiles and window-box restrainers, at the entrance. The wall from the lodge (seen on the right of the drawing) continues up to the side of an exquisite eighteenth-century Gothic house and then spreads upwards, completely refacing the tall side of the house to match the houses of the circus, with "Gainsborough Gardens" in moulded brick. It is one of the most startling pieces of bad manners in London.

But the little lodges in the parks, however reduced in scale and however like dolls' houses they may look, are not the smallest tied houses. The smallest of all are undoubtedly the cabins of the canal boats, which are best seen on the Regent's Canal along the north side of the park. They go in pairs and each boat has a tiny cabin, 5 ft. wide, much too low for a tall man to stand up in, with superbly designed built-in, slide-out, and pull-down furniture. The good ones are painted all through both cabins with brilliant traditional designs of roses and castles, and clotted richly on top of the decoration with a fine icing of crochet and brass work.

Along the canals the lock-keepers have their cottages. Some are as richly embowered with flowers as those on the popular reaches of the Thames. Others, on the wild unvisited regions of certain canals, are severely practical. In London one of the most picturesquely dilapidated of all views was that of the Paddington canal basin, off Blomfield Road, before it was tidied up. But it is still a remarkable experience to visit people whose homes are boats moored in the arm. One goes down Delamere Terrace from Westbourne Terrace Road, to the first door on the right, which is the entrance to the toll-keeper's cottage, down to the canal bank, under the road bridge and along the edge of the canal to the arm, an enclosed world a thousand miles from London. The toll-keeper's cottage is a square, brick, very urban

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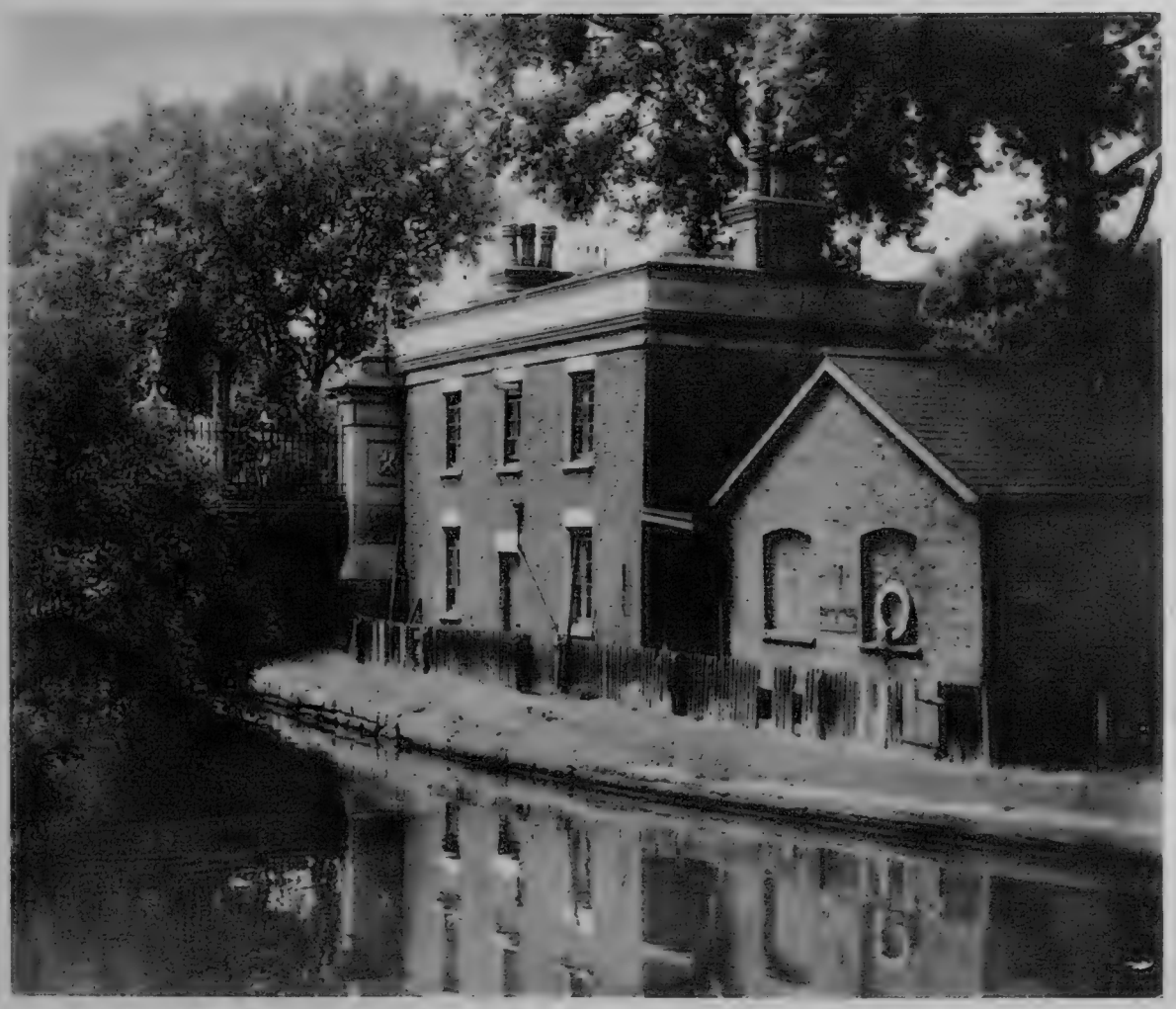


THE HOME OF A CANAL TOLL-KEEPER: The square, brick, very urban cottage is by the bridge over the Paddington basin of the Regent's Canal. Lifebelts hang from the canal-side walls of the cottage, whose entrance is in Delamere Road. There are a number of attractive cottages for lock- and toll-keepers on canals in London.

On left—

AN OFFICIAL'S HOUSE IN THE ZOO: Built about a hundred years ago for the Superintendent of the Royal Zoological Gardens, it is now the residence of the Curator of Reptiles. On the left is a house for small deer, some of whom peer through the wire.

FOR THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF TOWER BRIDGE: This solid, uninspiring piece of twentieth-century Georgian lies by the River Thames at the south end of Tower Bridge.

THE DOCKMASTER'S OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: The house, built by Philip Hardwick in the 1820's, overlooks Telford's St. Catherine's Dock, of the same date. The site was once occupied by the Royal Foundation of St. Catherine, founded by Queen Matilda in 1148. Since the Coronation, in 1953, the dock has been open as a yacht basin.

HOUSES WHICH GO WITH THE JOB FOR RAILWAY OFFICIALS: *Left*—The upstairs windows of the Stationmaster's house at Mitcham Junction, on the edge of Mitcham Common, look out over the canopy above the platform. The lower storey lies behind the platform. *Right*—The station at Mitcham, in Surrey, butts out into the road and is approached through a passage running through the middle of the red-brick house of the Stationmaster. Both these houses are simply designed.

HOUSES THAT GO WITH THE JOB

(*Continued from previous page*)

cottage, and is still in a fine picturesque state. On the canal side it is fenced off with tarred pailings and lifebelts hang from the walls.

Rail transport also sometimes offers a house with the job. At Mitcham there are two houses for Stationmasters. Mitcham Station butts out into the road and the station is approached through a passage under the Stationmaster's house. Mitcham Junction is on the edge of Mitcham Common, and is architecturally more conventional, with the Stationmaster's house forming the block lying parallel with the down-line. A canopy with a wavy instead of the more usual jagged edge projects below the level of the upstairs windows, out over the platform. Both houses are otherwise undecorated, in the fine stark tradition of railway architecture.

Two more men whose work is with transport are the Chief Engineer of Tower Bridge, and the Dockmaster of St. Catherine's Dock. The Chief Engineer lives in a not very inspired piece of twentieth-century Georgian (one had hoped for so much), but the Dockmaster is more fortunate.

St. Catherine's Dock was built in 1825–28 to the designs of Telford, and the office buildings and the Dockmaster's house, designed by Philip Hardwick, were completed about two years later. Before work on the dock began, the site was occupied by the Royal Foundation of St. Catherine, founded by Queen Matilda in 1148. When work on the dock started, the hospital was moved to Regent's Park. It was bombed-out from there in the last war and is now back again in the East End. The foundation consists of six brothers, six sisters and a master.

St. Catherine's Dock is a small one, and is mostly used for barges bringing cargo from ships moored in the river or from other docks to the fine warehouses surrounding the dock. In 1953, when people with yachts wished to visit the Coronation, the dock was opened as a yacht basin and has remained one ever since. All through the year there are never less than a dozen or so moored here. The house itself is typical of its period, with a bow of curved rooms and wide eaves to the flattish slate roof. It is made of brick,

THE CLOISTER OF THE SPEAKER'S HOUSE: It survived the Great Fire of 1834 and was carefully restored by Barry, who with Pugin designed the Speaker's House itself. Its windows command fine views of the river.

and round it are the beautiful, inevitable adjuncts of water in England; lifebelts, and white poles with lamps on them for signalling to ships, capstans, bollards and iron wheels for opening the lock gates, coiled ropes, and black and white paint.

Docks, trains, churches and public houses are not the only things which need someone to look after them day and night. The Zoological Society of London was founded in 1834 and in the middle of the last century a house and office were built for the Superintendent. It is on the north side of the outer circle, beside the small deer and gazelles. To-day it is the home of Mr. Lester, the Curator of Reptiles; next door to him, on his left, lives Mr. Jones, the Curator of Mammals; and on the other side are the anxious faces of the small deer.

In Vincent Square Westminster School has some of its playing fields, and in one corner is the groundsman's house. As a work of architecture it is not a very attractive building, but the groundsman has a well-tended garden, and he keeps chickens. It is very nice to come into the square and see his birds clucking about behind the wire, close to the parked cars in this particularly bleak bad piece of London. Also in this square is the house of the sports master. It is white with metal casements, an ordinary everyday pre-war building, but very desirable in its position, looking out over the green square.

However, many people maintain that a square is nothing, that the only true view in London is a view over the Thames. The house that is given to the Speaker of the House of Commons has the most splendid Thames views, both up the river and down, and across to Lambeth. The house lies at the north-east corner of the Houses of Parliament and was designed with the rest of the building by Charles Barry and Augustus Pugin in the 1840's. One of the parts of the ancient Palace of Westminster which partly survived the Great Fire of 1834 was the cloister. It was carefully restored by Barry as part of the new building. He also copied the superb fan-vaulting of the cloister roof for a smaller cloister in the centre of the Speaker's House, where it makes a core for the suite of drawing-room, ante-rooms, and dining-room.

The Gothic detail here is as elaborate and grand and depressing as the detail all through the Houses of Parliament. The dining-room fire-place, flanked with a brass lion and unicorn, is particularly rich, and there is an impressive staircase. But the cloister is the prettiest part; the repetition of clustered columns and fan-vaults, on and on, hardly broken, is at once exhilarating and restful—Pugin and Barry were rarely so successful.

Indeed, the Houses of Parliament are only really attractive as a misty silhouette on a winter afternoon. It is a sad thought, however, that one of London's most magnificent houses with the job should be deprived of a view of it.

A SPORTS MASTER'S HOUSE: With its metal casements it is an ordinary pre-war building, but it has a fine position overlooking the Westminster School's sports fields in Vincent Square. Suitably enough, it is now the home of the games master.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL GROUNDSMAN'S RESIDENCE: This is in a corner of the playing fields, in Vincent Square. It is not a particularly attractive building, but the garden and the hens give colour to a part of London which is otherwise rather bleak.

COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS : This portrait by Edward B. Seago, R.B.A., shows the Queen in her colonel's uniform at a Trooping the Colour. The painting will be hung in the regiment's officers' mess at Wellington Barracks.

NEW PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN

Canvas and Camera Studies Before Her Majesty Left on Her Tour of Nigeria

THE QUEEN IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE : Cecil Beaton's photograph above shows Her Majesty in the Tapestry Room, and on right in the Blue Drawing-Room. *Above*—The Queen wears an embroidered satin dress. *On right*—a dress of gold tulle. In both portraits the Queen wears the Order of the Garter's ribbon and star.

THE CARS PREPARE FOR THE START : The scene at Munich, which was one of the seven starting points for the 1956 Monte Carlo Rally. The other six starting points were Glasgow, Athens, Lisbon, Stockholm, Paris and Rome.

COLLISION AT GLASGOW : This Wolseley collided with a Glasgow Corporation bus a few minutes from the start and had to be withdrawn at the check point at Stranraer. At the door of the car is Mr. Harry Hastie, co-driver with Dr. A. D. Mitchell.

ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL FOR THE NEXT STAGE OF THE RALLY : Cars which had started from Glasgow are driven off the cross-Channel ferry at Boulogne. Patrolmen of the Royal Automobile Club were stationed along the route from Glasgow to Dover to give drivers information about road and weather.

THE SUNBEAM TEAM HAVE AN OUTRIGHT WIN FOR THE CHARLES FAROUX TROPHY : The nine members are standing with the three cars which won the prize for the best-placed team of nominated cars. Sunbeam teams have won the trophy twice before (in 1953 and 1954), so this year's win makes Britain the outright winner of the award.

ONE OF THE FIRST CARS TO REACH MONTE CARLO : An Austin, driven by the British team Gerald Burgess and Samuel Croft-Pearson, is seen at the end of its journey from the Lisbon starting point. 236 cars out of the starters in the rally succeeded in reaching Monte Carlo within the time limit.

SECOND PLACE FOR A GERMAN TEAM : This Mercedes Benz 220, driven by Walter Schock and Rolf Moll, is being checked at the control point in Monte Carlo. Twenty-five German cars were entered in the rally against 105 English cars, ninety-nine from France and small entries from nineteen other nations.

BRITAIN WINS THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

A Jaguar Takes First Place, and Other British Cars are Placed in the Annual Competition

This year's Monte Carlo Rally—the twenty-sixth—was a great success for British cars. The winner was R. J. Adams driving a Jaguar Mark VII saloon, with F. Biggar and D. Johnston as his crew. Second was a Mercedes 220 driven by W. Schock and R. Moll. The third place was shared between P. Harper and D. Humphrey in a Sunbeam, and M. Grosgeat and P. Biagini in a D.K.W. The prize for the best-placed team of nominated cars was won by three Sunbeams driven by J. Harper (third), J. Ray (tenth) and Miss Sheila van Damm (122nd). The Coupe des Dames went to Mme. M. Blanchard in a Porsche.

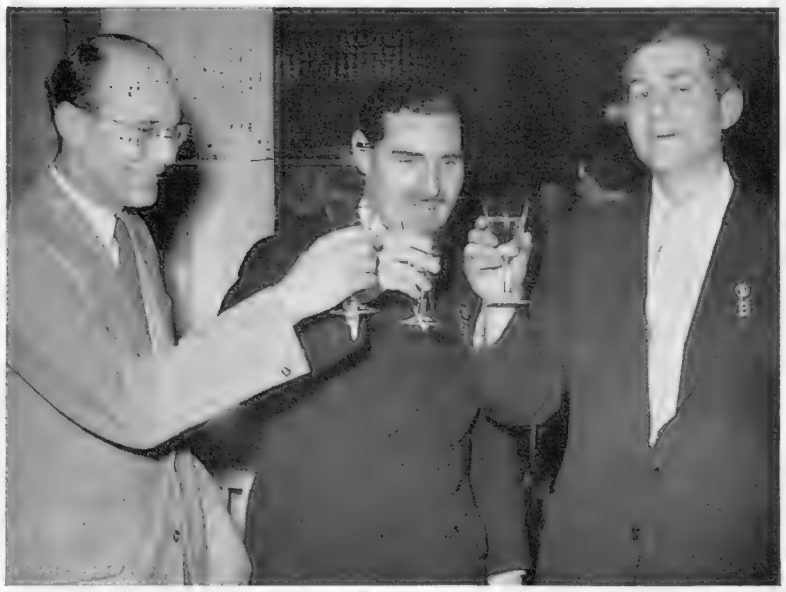
Like the great majority of the ninety-five British entrants, Adams started from Glasgow on the gruelling journey of 2,500 miles. The other starting points were Stockholm, Lisbon, Munich, Paris, Rome and Athens. Some foreigners drove British cars. Altogether there were over 300 entrants. After dealing with such weather conditions as snow, fog, ice or rain, 236 of them reached Monte Carlo. There Adams was at the head of the ninety leading competitors who qualified for the final speed and regularity test on the mountain circuit. From this he emerged triumphant with the best time. Adams is the fourth British motorist to win the rally and it is the first time a Jaguar has been placed first. But British cars driven by foreign drivers have won the event on two other occasions. It is certain that this year, as in the past, British manufacturers have learnt valuable lessons from the rally.

THROUGH SNOW AND ICE : A Sunbeam driven by Gunnar Fadum, last year's winner of the rally, takes a corner on a wintry stretch of road between Karlstadt and Arvika, in Sweden. With him is his co-driver, Knut Solberg.

On left—

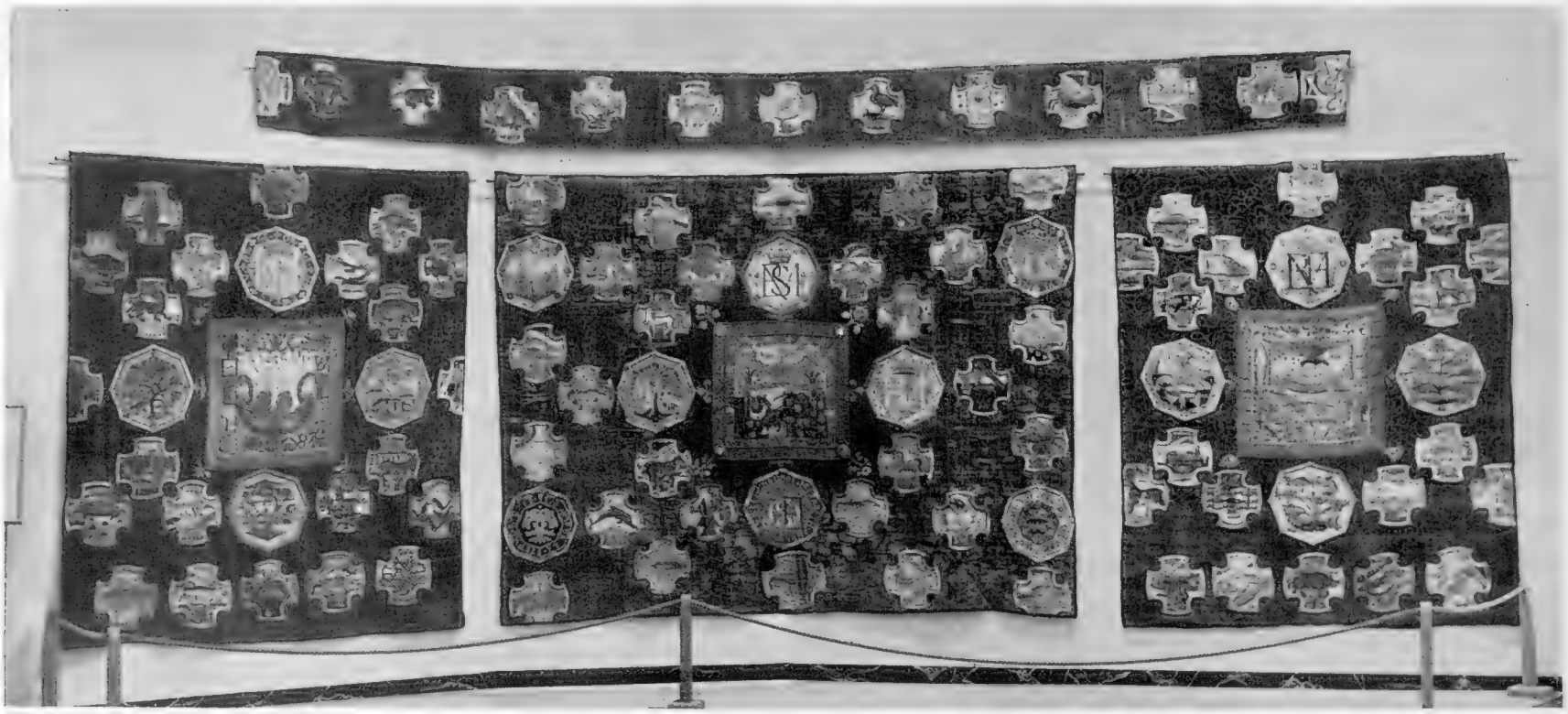
ON THE LAST LAP : Jimmy Ray, of St. Helens, in Lancashire, approaches the Col des Robines, in the French Alps, as he heads for Monte Carlo in his Sunbeam. This was one of the team of three Sunbeams which won the trophy for nominated cars.

ARRIVAL AT MONTE CARLO : An Alfa Romeo saloon crosses the finishing line at the end of its 2,500-mile journey. Driven by the Frenchmen Leon Couliboeuf and Robert Aumaitre, it had started from Rome and was the first car in the rally to enter the Principality. *Above, left*—Some of the 236 cars which completed the course are lined up beside the harbour of Monte Carlo. But the competition is not yet over. The leading ninety drivers and cars have still to undertake the very severe tests for speed, braking and climbing on the 150-mile mountain circuit to decide the final placings.



ON THE WAY TO VICTORY : The Jaguar Mark VII saloon takes a difficult turning on the mountain circuit. As a result of its performance on this final stage of the rally it was placed first, having 213 marks. This was six marks ahead of the Mercedes, which was second.

THE WINNERS : Drinking a toast in Monte Carlo to celebrate their success are the team which took the Jaguar to victory. From the left they are F. Biggar, R. J. Adams and D. Johnston. Mr. Adams comes from Northern Ireland.



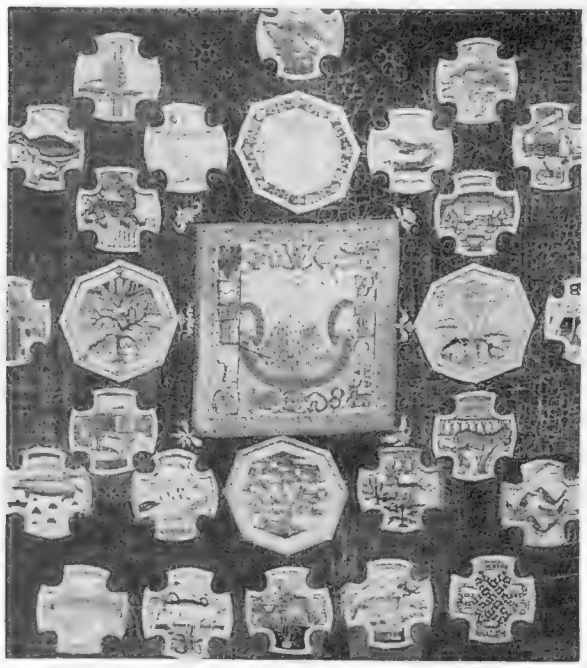
NEEDLEWORK OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, IS ON SHOW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM IN LONDON: The restored Oxburgh Hangings, which were presented to the Museum by the National Art Collections Fund in 1953, are being shown in the Recent Acquisitions Court for a period of two months. Worked by Mary Stuart and the Countess of Shrewsbury (Bess of Hardwick), circa 1570, during the Queen's custody at Tutbury Castle, they have recently been repaired. Eventually, they will normally be on loan to the National Trust for exhibition at Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, which has been their home since the eighteenth century.

ROYAL NEEDLEWORK

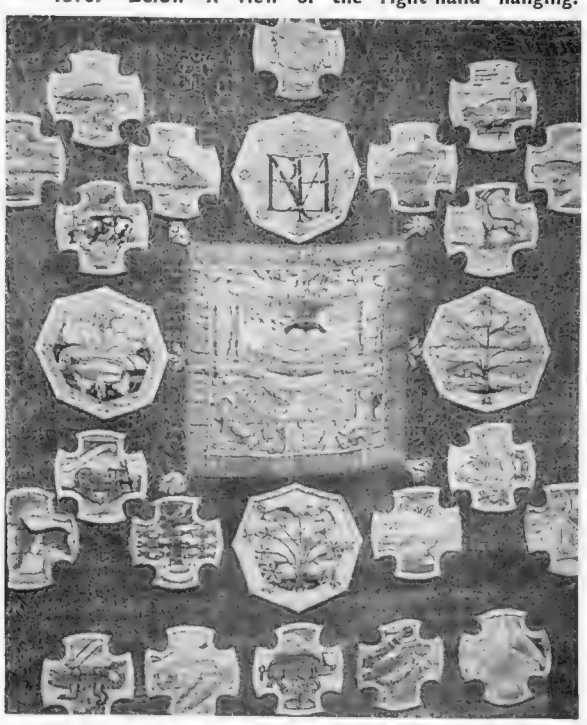
The Oxburgh Hangings, Partly Worked by Mary, Queen of Scots, are on View in London

The green velvet Oxburgh Hangings, which have recently been repaired and are now on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum, were made as wall-hangings about 1570 and converted to bed-hangings a century later. The principal feature is the display of over a hundred panels of gros point and petit point needlework, of which about thirty are signed with the initials or monogram of Mary, Queen of Scots. Another fifteen panels are signed with the ES monogram of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury (Bess of Hardwick). They were worked at Tutbury Castle during the early stages of Mary Stuart's captivity; the Earl of Shrewsbury noting at the time to Sir William Cecil that the Queen daily resorted to his wife's chamber and busied herself with needlework. The hangings are the only known signed examples of the Queen's embroidery except for a single piece of petit point at Hardwick Hall.

Most of the decorative panels show plants, animals, birds or fish, each species with its name on a scroll beside it, nearly all the representations being based on the woodcuts of contemporary books of natural history. In the centre of each of the hangings is a personal device of one of the two women. Most of the needlework is in good condition, the work recently carried out at the Museum having been confined to essential repairs



PLANTS, ANIMALS, BIRDS AND FISH: A close-up of a side hanging showing in the centre a device of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury. It is dated 1570. *Below*—A view of the right-hand hanging.



DETAIL OF THE MAIN HANGING: In the centre is a personal device worked by the Queen. It shows a hand pruning a vine, with the motto Virescit Vulnere Virtus (Virtue is strengthened by a wound). The Royal monogram is at the top. The subjects of the panels are typical of the taste of the sixteenth-century embroideress.

OPERAS AND SINGERS

Covent Garden Prepares to Celebrate Mozart's 200th Birthday; "Troilus and Cressida" at La Scala; and Lily Pons' 25th Anniversary

MOZART BICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS IN LONDON: Sarastro, the High Priest of Isis (Keith Engen), stands in his temple during the first act of *The Magic Flute*. The production at Covent Garden is London's main contribution to the bicentenary celebrations of the birth of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart in Salzburg.

The final rehearsals for the new production of *The Magic Flute* to mark the bicentenary of the birth of Mozart were held last week at Covent Garden, for the special commemoration performance on January 27, the date of Mozart's birthday. The work has been produced by Christopher West, the company's resident producer, and Rafael Kubelik, Covent Garden's musical director, will conduct all five performances. John Piper has designed the sets and the costumes. The cast for the first performances is Pamina, Elsie Morison; Tamino, Richard Lewis; Queen of the Night, Irene Jordan; Sarastro, Keith Engen; Papageno, Jess Walters; and Papagena, Adele Leigh.

PAPAGENO TO THE RESCUE: Pamina (Elsie Morison) is rescued from the clutches of Monostatos (Alexander Young) by Papageno the Bird Catcher (on right), played by Jess Walters. Papageno's set of Magic Bells can be seen hanging at his waist.

AN EGYPTIAN SETTING: The rather unlikely plot of *The Magic Flute* takes place in Egypt and much of the action is unfolded in the temple of Sarastro, the High Priest. Something of the mysterious and the mystical has been caught in the sets designed by John Piper.

ENGLISH OPERA AT LA SCALA, MILAN: Sir William and Lady Walton are seen in the centre of a group in the foyer of La Scala on the occasion of the Continental premiere of Sir William's new opera *Troilus and Cressida*. On Lady Walton's right is Victor De Sabata and standing beside Sir William Walton is Pierro Zuffi, the stage manager of La Scala. The reception by the Italian critics was guarded, but the first-night audience, well known as one of the most exacting in the world, gave the cast three curtain calls. The work was first performed in England on December 3, 1954. The opera was originally commissioned by the B.B.C. and the libretto based on Chaucer's poem of the same name was written by Christopher Hassall. All the medieval sources were adapted freely throughout. The original production had sets by Sir Hugh Casson, and costumes by Malcolm Pride.

A KISS FROM MOTHER: Lily Pons, the well-known soprano, is kissed by her mother, Madame Marie Pons, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her debut at the New York Metropolitan Opera. By her side is her husband, Andre Kostelanetz, the conductor, and her sister, Madame Roger Giradot. Lily Pons serenaded a packed audience in the Metropolitan Opera House with extracts from all the roles that have made her famous.

HER TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY: Lily Pons examines some of the gifts she received after her anniversary performance. With her is Rudolph Bing, manager of the Metropolitan Opera House.

MORE ABOUT BRITAIN'S ROADS

The New Minister of Transport Comments on Motoring Problems; Motor Companies and Short Time; News from the R.A.C.; New European Cars; and "Sense and Safety" which Tells All About Accidents

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IN his first public statement on motoring problems since he became Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson was, I thought, a little disappointing. He does not, for one thing, seem to think much about motor roads. "I wonder," he asked, "if it is sensible to build a lot of fast motor roads if you are going to get congestion at journey's end."

He was referring particularly to the St. Albans-Rugby section of the projected London-Yorkshire highway, which will be Britain's first stretch of real motor road. What 's the good, the Minister asked in effect, of saving a quarter of an hour on the run to Birmingham, if the traffic congestion when you get there is just as frustrating as it is to-day ?

I personally feel Mr. Watkinson is wrong to think of the St. Albans-Rugby road in isolation. It is not being built merely to enable people to get to Birmingham quickly. It must be considered as the first and very belated part of a nation-wide network of motor roads which will permit motorists to move about the country faster and more safely than is possible to-day. Congestion in London, Birmingham and other big population centres is another problem. It, too, must be solved as quickly as possible. But the construction of fast motor roads must not be contingent upon its solution. If we can't get rid of both these evils at once, let us at any rate dispose of one of them.

The new Minister's comments on street parking in city centres were, I thought, equally discouraging. They suggested that Mr. Watkinson is thinking of more restrictions on private motorists rather than more off-street parking for them.

He said off-street parking was very expensive to provide ; and how many people would be willing to pay 5s. or 6s. a day to use these new garages ? He thought, too, that if cars were moved off the streets into these car parks, more cars would be brought into the city centres to take their place.

THE NEW ITALIAN FIAT 600 MULTIPLA : A side view of the six-seater version, which allows a generous amount of room behind the rear seat. The seats can be folded to provide sleeping space.

THE ENGINE OF THE MULTIPLA IS AT THE REAR OF THE CAR : It gives a top speed of 55 m.p.h., with full load, and a petrol consumption of about 40 m.p.g. The car measures 11½ ft. by 4 ft.

I can't help feeling, though, that Mr. Watkinson is right when he says that the greatest single factor in the problem of city-centre congestion is the suburban who takes his car to London, Birmingham or Manchester every day, travelling alone, and occupying a valuable piece of road surface for eight hours or so.

Many motorists find it difficult to understand why, after a record year for both production and exports, the Austin Motor Company has had to put thousands of its workpeople on short time.

The simple explanation is that the car market in Britain has returned to normal ; that the ancient law of supply and demand is asserting itself and imposing the seasonal fluctuations we knew before the war. The trend towards normality has been accentuated by the Government's efforts to counter inflation, including the purchase tax increase to 60 per cent. and the credit squeeze. It is also a fact that Britain's increased car production was not accompanied in 1955 by a corresponding increase in her share of an expanding world market.

The credit squeeze is making things difficult for the car trade in two ways. The private motorist finds it increasingly hard to finance the purchase of a new car ; and when he can, dealers often can't lay their hands on enough ready cash or can't organise the credit to enable them to take the potential customer's old car in part exchange.

Following the Austin bombshell came the blunt rejection by the Standard Motor Company of a claim for a "substantial increase" in wages made by trade unions on behalf of more than 11,000 of the Coventry firm's manual workers.

The reason the Standard Company alone figures in this wage sensation is that the firm does not belong to the Engineering Employers' Federation. It has separate wage agreements with the unions (who have applied to the other manufacturers for an increase of 15 per cent. which is now under consideration).

The Standard Company have been quite tough. The year 1956, they told their workpeople in a carefully worded statement, would be a serious year for the industry and their ability to maintain employment would be jeopardised by any increased costs arising from recurring wage claims. There was a grave and growing danger, the statement added, that Coventry would price itself out of domestic and international markets.

Fiat have announced an interesting new version of their little "600" rear-engined saloon. It is a six-seater which they have named the "Multipla." The front bench-type seat has been pushed forward into the space occupied by the front-end luggage compartment in the "600" and behind it are two pairs of bucket-type seats, making three rows of seats in all.

The Multipla is only 12½ ins. longer than the ordinary saloon and the wheelbase is unaltered. The engine—633 cc.—is the same. It gives a top speed of 55 m.p.h. with full load and a petrol mileage of about 40 to the gallon compared with the 50 in the normal saloon.

The Multipla is made in two versions : the six-seater and a four/five-seater. The latter has the same front seat but behind it is a bench seat with room for two or three people. In both models the back seats fold down to give a roomy floor-space for luggage or goods. There is a generous amount of room behind the five/six-seater's rear seat, even when it is occupied.

Fiat have built more than 120,000 Six Hundreds since the model was announced at the Geneva Motor Show last March. Of Fiat's total average daily output of 1,000 cars, more than 600 are Six Hundreds.

In producing this six-seater, which is incredibly lively and roomy considering its small engine and compact dimensions, Fiat may have gone one better than the Volkswagen people did with the Microbus version of their saloon.

The R.A.C. have reported on a remarkable petrol consumption test at the Silverstone motor racing track. Five cars of different makes, fitted with Laycock-de-Normanville overdrive units, each lapped the circuit four times. The first two laps were completed without using the overdrive device.

Then the auxiliary gear-box was switched on for the next two laps and R.A.C. timekeepers and other officials compared the fuel consumption figures. They found that use of the overdrive system gave an average petrol saving of 16 per cent. These economies ranged from one of 4.4 m.p.g. on a new 2-litre Standard Vanguard to 6.6 m.p.g. in the case of a 4-litre Jensen.

Average speeds—set to suit the different kinds of car—varied from 32.3 m.p.h. in the case of the Vanguard to the Triumph TR 3's 48.5 m.p.h.

Here are the m.p.g. figures for all five cars, with and without overdrive, with the increased m.p.g. in brackets :

	Without overdrive (m.p.g.)	*With overdrive (m.p.g.)*	*Saving (m.p.g.)*
Humber Hawk	22.8	27.5	(4.7)
Jensen 541	22.4	29	(6.6)
Rover 90	26	31.2	(5.2)
Standard Vanguard ..	30.2	34.6	(4.4)
Triumph TR 3	32.8	37.4	(4.6)

The R.A.C. was successful in 1955 in negotiating the elimination of 260 "black spots" on British roads following complaints by members. The total number of complaints received by the Club was 278, so it was successful in 94 per cent. of the cases it took up. Action has been taken—or promised—in the following cases : lack of signposts 63 ; inadequate signposts 51 ; lack of white lines or "cat's eyes" 12 ; dangerous road surface 84 ; obscured visibility 21 ; road junctions 6 ; inadequate lighting 4 ; miscellaneous 19.

The Club claims that in ten years it has remedied thousands of road hazards under its black spot campaign and it is disappointed that more road users do not make use of it to increase road safety.

I have lately had a chance to try out an attractive little four-wheeler —the Isetta—which was designed in Italy, though the German firm of B.M.W. has now acquired the manufacturing rights.

It is this German-built version, powered by a 250-cc. B.M.W. single-cylinder, four-stroke, air-cooled engine which is on sale in Britain through the agency of Frazer-Nash Ltd. The Isetta originally had a two-stroke engine and it was in this form that it took part in the tough Mille Miglia race in Italy last year and surprised everybody by its performance.

Soon, according to rumours, the Isetta will have a 300-cc. engine ; and it may be built in England. It is a remarkable little car which, being a four-wheeler, suffers the handicap in this country of being liable to purchase tax and annual licence duty at the full car rate : 60 per cent. P.T. (double the rate charged on three-wheelers) and £12 10s. tax (against £5 for tri-cars). With purchase tax it costs £439, for which sum you can buy the full-size Ford Popular and have a few pounds over. But the Isetta has the great virtues of fuel economy (60 m.p.g.), ease of parking and impressive manœuvrability and makes modest demands on garage space. Top speed is 50 m.p.h. There is room for two adults and a child on the bench-type seat, access to which is gained by swinging forward the entire front of the car.

The Ministry of Transport has just published a disturbing little booklet which is all about accidents. It is entitled *Sense and Safety* and costs 6d. The intention is to present graphically and more readably the main lessons contained in the mass of statistics in the Ministry's formidable *Road Accidents, 1954*. We are reminded that there were 238,281 casualties in 1954—5 per cent. more than in 1953. Of these 5,010 were killed and 57,201 seriously injured.

The Ministry is right when it says in *Sense and Safety* that road accidents could be greatly cut down if we all—whatever class of road user we are—take just a little more care when driving, cycling or walking.

It 's appalling to think that every year the number of people killed on the roads of Britain equals the population of such towns as Huntingdon ; and that the annual number of casualties is equivalent to the population of towns like Brighton or Coventry.

A NEW FRENCH SPORTS CAR : The Gregoire, which was to be shown at the annual sports car show of the Ford Museum at Dearborn, Michigan, U.S.A., has a one-piece cast-aluminium body which is said to ensure greater rigidity than usual. It has a 2,188-cc. engine developing a speed of about 118 m.p.h. There are four gears, including overdrive.

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ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH IN THE STRAND IS BEING REBUILT AS THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE AND TO SERVE AS A PERPETUAL SHRINE OF R.A.F. REMEMBRANCE : This drawing by the architect, Mr. W. A. F. Lloyd, shows the interior of the church as it will be when completed in about two years' time. It will resemble Sir Christopher Wren's original design, the main difference in appearance between the two buildings being the central aisle, which will be much wider than before. The cost of the new church will be about £250,000, but more than half the total will come from money already available. An appeal for £125,000 has been launched for the remainder.

ST. CLEMENT DANES AS THE R.A.F. CHURCH

An Appeal is Launched to Help in the Rebuilding of Wren's Famous Church in the Strand

ST. CLEMENT DANES AFTER BEING DESTROYED BY BOMBS IN MAY 1941 : This view is from the west looking towards the altar. The steeple of the building containing the famous "Oranges and Lemons" bells will be the first part of the church to be restored.

On right—

A CONFERENCE INSIDE THE RUINED CHURCH : The architect, Mr. Lloyd, is seen with the Rev. Canon A. S. Giles, Chaplain-in-Chief of the R.A.F. (left), and Air Vice-Marshal Cecil A. Bouchier, Director of the R.A.F. Appeal. Round the walls of the church will be placed ten memorial volumes containing the names of 125,000 men and women who died while serving in the R.A.F.

THE ARCHITECT POINTS TO A MASON'S MARK IN THE CRYPT : It reads "E.R. 1681." The new church will have space for about 800 people. Among its decorations will be badges of the R.A.F.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CRIMEA AND SOVIET UNION

Reports from Russia by Henry Clifford, V.C., a Hero of the Crimea, and Allan Chappelow, who Visited the Country Last Year

IN a photograph taken before Sebastopol Captain Henry Clifford is shown as a jaunty and, even in those conditions, elegant officer of the Rifle Brigade, but he was only a lieutenant in the Light Division when he won his V.C. at the Battle of Inkerman, almost at the beginning of his fine career in the Crimean War. During the years of this campaign Clifford was often in the thick of the fighting, with his own or another regiment, and he was also an eye-witness of the charge of the Light Brigade and of the Battle of Tchernaya, although no British troops took part in the latter. He was also a constant visitor to the front line trenches and made many reconnaissances for his general when there was a threat of an enemy attack. An even more notable thing is that he came through it all unharmed.

That we know so much about him and his activities during these years is due to Clifford's habit of writing long, descriptive and highly detailed letters home to his family and friends almost every day—a feat in itself, when one considers the circumstances in which he must have written. He was also an artist competent enough to sketch the scenes of battle, the types of soldiery, from Bashi Bazouks to Zouaves, and such incidents of war as the truces for burying the dead or a review with Omar Pasha. HENRY CLIFFORD, V.C.—*His Letters and Sketches from the Crimea* (Michael Joseph. 42s.) is therefore not only a highly personal account of a war from the standpoint of a fighting man but an invaluable addition to our knowledge of the British soldier in adversity. Clifford was outspoken in his letters and proved himself both as a critic and man of action. These pages also show him to us as a man of great compassion and of strong and constant religious faith.

From the Crimea in those terrible yet heroic days to a contemplation of Russia to-day, with Mr. Allan Chappelow's RUSSIAN HOLIDAY (Harrap. 18s.), his record of a visit to that country a year ago with a party of twenty-five other students. The group travelled on an exchange basis with an equivalent party of Russians who visited England at the same time, and was said to be the first group of ordinary people—"strictly neutral politically"—to be allowed into the Soviet Union since 1939.

Mr. Chappelow, who at the time of his journey was a post-graduate research student in sociology at London University, appears to have been a lively and eager observer of the Russian scene, noting with equal brightness and meticulousness a breakfast menu (many of them were both ample and exotic), the economics of marriage and divorce, or the working system of a collective farm. His book is practically bursting at the seams with information and makes very good reading for less enterprising travellers. As for the forty-eight pages of photographs, almost all of them taken by the author, they are admirable and equally informative illustrations.

The next two books are essentially feminine which is as it should be, since they are both by women writers. This does not mean necessarily that they are concerned with frivolities on the one hand or infant welfare on the other. First, Mrs. Verily Anderson's SPAM TO-MORROW (Rupert Hart-Davis. 15s.) which at first I thought was a travel book about the Iberian Peninsula but, on a closer look, found to be a personal and highly individual account of adventures and exploits during the war. This began for Mrs. Anderson—or Verily Bruce as she then was—with a brief and fairly hilarious time with the F.A.N.Y., a form of war effort which was abandoned in favour of marriage and the foundation of a charming young family. Mrs. Anderson's war experience included a high percentage of blitzes, temporary housing, obligatory lodgers and other hazards, but she has coped with them as gaily in print as she appears to have coped with them, in the spirit of the F.A.N.Y.'s informal motto, during the recent unpleasantness.

Mrs. Gretchen Finletter's book doesn't deal with a comparable state of emergency and, for that or another reason, doesn't show the same vitality, but it is quite entertaining nevertheless. THE DINNER PARTY (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is described as pages "from the journal of a lady of to-day," and reveals some of the trials of a hostess who suggests that she and her husband should have a certain couple to dine with them "as they are at least two years overdue." The husband, agreeing, says that it must be a small party of not more than eight so that there can be General Conversation. Leaving aside the point that some of us would think this quite a big dinner-party, the narrative then spreads over from the beginning of May to the end of September in what seems like a very pleasant American household, during which not only the dinner, and other dinners, are discussed, but the highly active home life of the family, the husband's work and the housewife's worries, the children's foibles and plans, the servant problem and the incidence of young male visitors in a house where there are personable girls. All quite amusing, a little coy and, in its way, as revealing of a foreign life as Mr. Chappelow's book.

BASHI BAZOUK: This is a reproduction from one of the many drawings by the author which appear in *Henry Clifford, V.C.—His Letters and Sketches from the Crimea* (Michael Joseph. 42s.). Vernon Fane describes the book as being "not only a highly personal account of a war from the standpoint of a fighting man but an invaluable addition to our knowledge of the British soldier in adversity."

Few things are more pleasant for a reviewer of books than to be able to say that he has just read a first novel that is intelligent, highly amusing, well shaped and something more than promising. Such a book is A HIGH-PITCHED BUZZ (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Roger Longrigg, which in my opinion has both wit and understanding. It also has that rare quality, which must by its nature be ephemeral, of a young writer's true expression of young people's feelings. I expect that as Mr. Longrigg grows older he will write novels just as perceptive about his contemporaries, but there is something almost *nonpareil* in the circumstance of the young writing with prism clarity about other young. (And if I hear subsequently that this author will never see fifty again I will be as disappointed as disconcerted.)

In either case, I recommend his light but moving story to you and hope that you may enjoy it as I have.

THE INHERITANCE (Heinemann. 15s.) is Mr. John Sommerfield's novel about the effect of a big legacy of money on the scattered members of a family, so scattered indeed that few of them know each other and that their lives are lived on different levels of society or professional experience. Old Miss Lidstone dies and leaves about a quarter of a million to her connections, and while the first effect of the news is one they all share in common, the result of the promise of money has a different impact and starts a different movement in each case. Mr. Sommerfield writes of them all with a kindly but robust sympathy and succeeds in making human beings of them all, and likable human beings of at least two of them.

I am not sure whether THE UNDOUBTED DEED (Chatto and Windus. 13s. 6d.) is a detective story or not, but I am perfectly certain about one thing, and that is that it is a most entertaining and intelligent novel by Jocelyn Davey. The setting is Washington in more or less the present day; the British Embassy (one feels inclined to add: "God bless it!"), the smarter and smaller Washington restaurants, the Russian Embassy, and assorted apartments and houses. One of the pleasant—if irrelevant—things about Washington is that a lot of people really do live in houses as opposed to flats. As to the story, it is not the kind over which the reader can allow his mind to doze. It is what a N.A.A.F.I. character once described as "a bit on the intellectual slide," and it is full of plot and sub-plot. It is also well worth your reading, and for this I recommend it confidently.

Nicholas Blake is the name Mr. Cecil Day Lewis uses when he is writing crime novels, and N. Blake's new book is A TANGLED WEB (Collins. 12s. 6d.). It is, however, by no means an ordinary thriller or an ordinary novel. It is a bit of one and a bit of the other and, in my opinion, a pretty fair disappointment just because of the mix-up of manners. There is a murder, performed more or less off-stage, but there are no attempts at mystification, no clues at whose planting the reader hasn't been present and none of the expected—and exciting—balance between crime and punishment.

A TASTE FOR TRAVEL (Seeley, Service. 15s.), *by Irene Holdsworth, is an account of unconventional holidays, mostly in the Mediterranean. There are many illustrations.*

LAKE AND LOCH FISHING (Seeley, Service. 18s.) *is an illustrated volume of memoirs of a fly-fisherman. Colonel Joscelyn Lane writes of fly-fishing on Britain's lochs and inland lakes and reveals many fresh aspects of old problems.*

STORIES FOR TO-MORROW (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) *is an anthology of modern science fiction selected with a preface by William Sloane.*

TALES OF HOFFMAN

New Views on the Bard

Only a year or two ago when delightful Brooke House, in London's East End, came beneath the sledge-hammers of the demolition men, three earnest ladies made the plea that this ancient mansion should be preserved by the local authority until such time as the authorship of Shakespeare's works could be definitely attributed to Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Then, it was averred, Brooke House could become a shrine for the newly-crowned bard. Well that is only one ardently-held view. Here is another. In THE MAN WHO WAS SHAKESPEARE (Max Parrish. 15s.) Calvin Hoffman enters the lists on behalf of Christopher Marlowe. He tackles his task with zest, enthusiasm and the unbounded faith of all who get immersed in this great quest, which once led Dickens to say: "The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should turn up."

Mr. Hoffman bases his case on the view that Marlowe was not killed in that famous tavern brawl of May 30, 1593; that indeed he lived on to write the plays that the world knows as Shakespeare's. Seventeen years of unremitting research have brought Mr. Hoffman near to the end of his quest. He reveals to us the mounting pile of circumstantial evidence, all pointing, as he thinks, in one direction and much of it showing the strong stylistic resemblances between the man who wrote *Tamburlaine* and the man who wrote *Hamlet*. At the finish Mr. Hoffman presents a summary of evidence, and he furnishes an appendix with parallel quotations from the works of Marlowe and Shakespeare.

It is said that Samuel Plimsoll was one of the great bores of Parliamentary history, pleading the case for reform in the shipping world in season and out until he finally won the day. He was certainly a persistent character, and in THE PLIMSOLL MARK (Cassell. 18s.) David Masters shows his hero in all his crusading zeal, a man sure of his facts, certain that the British public was unaware of the raw deal their merchant seamen were getting, and determined to force the Government of the day to pass the Unseaworthy Ships Bill. Plimsoll's whole campaign was against ship-owners who over-loaded and over-insured their unseaworthy ships. Before he had gone far he found himself head-over-heels in legal battles. His doggedness provides the most remarkable ingredient perhaps in this story in the best Samuel Smiles tradition.

Rummaging as a research assistant in the House of Commons Library amid the reports of select committees, and Royal Commissions, amid Returns to Humble Addresses to the Crown, amid Parliamentary Blue Books and the like, for the most part in the service of Member's routine enquiries, Stanley Hyland has unearthed a whole host of remarkable stories. Some of them are very little concerned with Parliament, but all of them are of fascinating interest. In CURIOSITIES FROM PARLIAMENT (Wingate. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Hyland presents what we can only hope is the first batch of rich gleanings. Most notable among them is the case of Anne Hicks who sold twopenny cakes and ginger beer in Hyde Park and found herself the centre of a Parliamentary storm and a public tumult that could only really be believed by a generation that knew the implication in the words Pilgrim and Crichel Down. Mr. Hyland writes wittily and well, and he for one has never been bogged down in the mass of material he has found such pleasure in collating. The book will be published on Tuesday.

Accounts of inventors and their creations are always interesting, and here is no exception. THE MEN BEHIND THE SPACE ROCKETS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) is the work of Heinz Gartmann, and might well be described as the bread-and-butter reality underneath the unimaginative jam of science fiction invention. Here they all are, the men who have been inspired to experiment with means of getting away from this planet. Ganswindt, Tsiolkovski, Oberth, Valier and Wernher von Braun, the man behind the V2, are all described in this book which will be of absorbing interest to boys, their fathers and, no doubt, their grandfathers, too. Science fiction can offer nothing more fantastic than some of the events described. It is extraordinary how many space rocket pioneers have been inspired in their initial efforts by reading the works of Jules Verne.

The flood of war books shows no sign of abating. even though the war has been over ten years and wartime reminiscences fill the shelves of many second-hand booksellers. The danger is, of course, that these accounts of heroism, endurance and self-sacrifice will become commonplace. Judged by the general background of such work THE SIEGE (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is yet another chronicle of tough resolution. This story of Kohima by Arthur Campbell is no better written and no worse than many of the others, and undoubtedly to those who served in Burma it will provide interesting if somewhat harrowing recollections.

In GOLDEN LION (Bles. 18s.) Paul Hartlmaier tells the story of a recent journey with a party of scientists into the interior of Abyssinia, that still remote land which keeps so many of its secrets despite two or more Italian wars and a more or less internal programme of colonial development. The expedition travelled 5,000 miles in five months, crossing the whole of Ethiopia from North Eritrea to the Equator. Apart from topographical and scientific information the author gives a valuable glimpse into both early and latter-day Ethiopian history.

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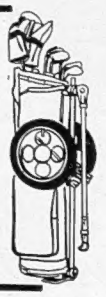

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THOUGH many are already planning spring and summer holidays, there are others who will, in the intervening months, seek every opportunity of guarding against illness by abandoning the cares of housekeeping and repairing to a friendly hotel, where both management and staff are out to cater for personal whims. Whether it is just a long week-end or longer, the weather without is not as important as warmth within, and I have been reflecting on some of those I have stayed at where a delicious feeling of warmth has assailed me as I walked in.

The Kentish coast is a great advantage to Londoners in that it is within easy distance by road or rail, so when meteorological prophets are in an optimistic mood, choose from one of the following listed below.

Running from east to south, The Beresford Hotel, Birchington-on-Sea, never wears an out-of-season look, for it is *always* in season. The more bracing the air is without, the more you will appreciate the wonderful warmth within. Central heating, log fires, and for the warmth of activity—a game of squash on their own courts, or dancing in the evening. All this within a little over an hour and a half from London.

Folkestone, too, is an equally good choice for a winter holiday, and for the surety of first-class fare, warmth and service, you cannot better the Burlington. Selective in its clientele, quiet in its tone, it appeals to those who appreciate restful surrounds, undisturbed by music and dancing. It is, as I have described it before, "an aristocrat among medium-sized hotels" (52 bedrooms, 20 private bathrooms).

Four miles to the west of Folkestone lies the old-world Cinque Port of Hythe, and because of its less elevated position and the sheltering influence of the North Downs, The Imperial makes a most agreeable headquarters for a winter holiday. Indeed, one floor of the hotel is almost entirely devoted to self-contained flats, whose fortunate occupants ride out with equanimity the worst that winter can offer (and down in this south-west corner of Kent it is never more than a mild worst compared with the frozen north). Apart from a most efficient central heating system, the hotel provides for the pleasure of its winter and other season guests: billiards, a fine ballroom and an extensive and unusual sun lounge.

Though my initial thoughts took me to the Kentish Coast, there are plenty of people who prefer the country for a winter break, and for such, still concentrating on Kent (though I shall be pleased to suggest hotels in other districts for anyone who cares to write to me), I have in mind the friendly reception, the cosy fires in cocktail and residents' lounges, and the warmth of central heating in one's bedroom at Tudor Hall Hotel, on the outskirts of Hawkhurst, but 48 miles from London.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL
On the sunny Fifeshire coast, within three-quarters of an hour's reach of Edinburgh, this most comfortably furnished hotel is famous for its cuisine and cellar, and as a holiday headquarters has every amenity close at hand: Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing. Tel.: Aberdour 8.

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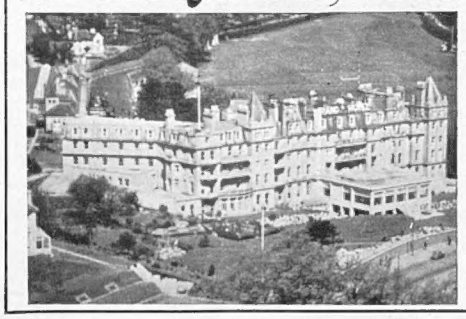

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A HISTORIC CEREMONY AT THE CHINESE BORDER: The first goods train on the newly-opened line linking the Soviet Republic of Outer Mongolia with the Chinese Province of Inner Mongolia, waits before the ceremonial arch. A ribbon marks the Sino-Soviet border.

IN THE THIRD-CLASS DINING CAR: A mixture of races is noticeable among the passengers on the inaugural run, who were chosen from "model workers."

THE GOBI DESERT GETS A NEW LOOK: One of the stations on the 350-mile line between Ulan-Bator and Zamyn-Ude.

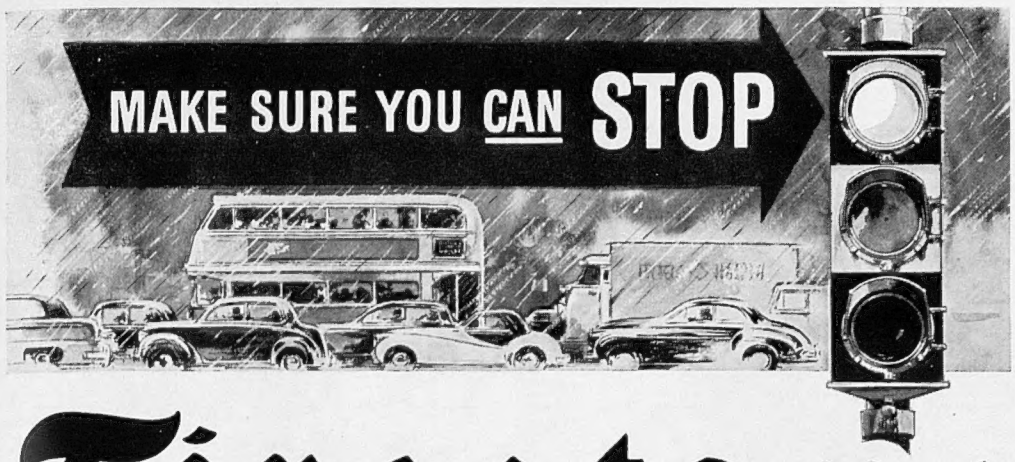
A RAILWAY ACROSS THE GOBI DESERT

Rare Pictures from Outer Mongolia at the Opening of a New Direct Link Between Moscow and Peking

The conquest of the Gobi Desert has begun. The treacherous sand-dunes, the total absence of water, the harsh extremes of climate—all these have been overcome in the bid to build a railway across the vast desert lands which make up the greater part of Outer Mongolia. On the first day of this year this railway, which provides the most direct link between Moscow and Peking, was inaugurated.

The stretch of railway line which was completed runs between Ulan-Bator, the capital of the Mongolian Republic, and Zamyn-Ude, the station nearest the border of the Chinese Province of Inner Mongolia. This 350-mile route through central and east Gobi is still one of the main routes for the caravans which provide the chief means of transport for the Mongol herdsmen and merchants. On the Chinese side the 250-mile stretch between Peking and the Outer Mongolian border was completed late in 1954, when the Inner Mongolian frontier station of Erhlier was reached. Now the capitals of the two greatest Communist States are linked by rail. But the railway across the desert has achieved something more: it has provided a link between the Great Wall of China, near Peking, and the Wall of Genghis Khan, near Ulan-Bator. Thus modern communications defy ancient rivalries.

A THREE-NATION OCCASION: Russians, Chinese and Mongols gather in the bitter weather to see the first train cross the border. On the front of the engine are pictures of Marshal Bulganin, Mao Tse-tung, and Mr. Tsedenbal, the Mongolian Premier.



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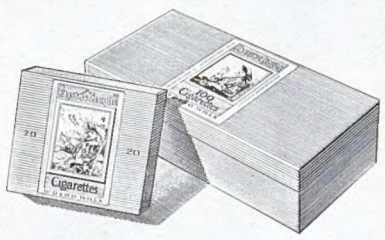

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